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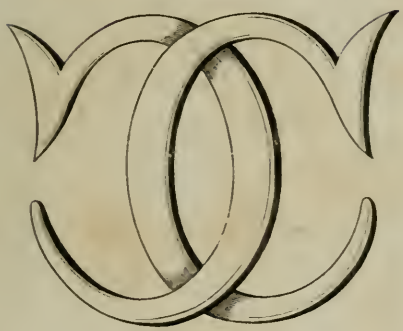

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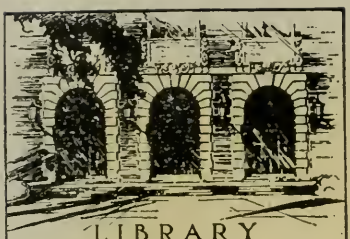

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DOUGLAS;

OR,

THE HIGHLANDER.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By ROBERT BISSET, L. L. D.

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c.

VOL. II.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora,
Cederet, introrsum turpis. HOR.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi. VIRG.

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DOUGLAS;

OR,

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CHAP. I.

Doctor Vampus displays his wonderful Talents at a Vestry Meeting—Oratory of Mr. Hubblebubble, a dissenting Academician---Eloquence of the Overseers and Church-wardens—The Lawyer that confined the Exertion of his Talents to Parish Meetings—Vampus introduces our Hero to a Society of Schoolmasters—Benevolent eagerness of those learned Personages to communicate their Knowledge—the Dispute about the Geography of Constantinople, and its fatal Effects.

DOCTOR Vampus became very desirous of introducing Charles into parties, in which his learning and accomplishments might appear to advantage; that he might take to himself the credit of the formation of so promising a youth. He carried him

frequent attendance of Dr. Vampus was a very valuable accession to that room.

Many a hard contention of oratory was the Doctor engaged in. The palm of eloquence was long disputed in the vestry between him and a Mr. Hubblebubble, a brother schoolmaster, distinguished for that species of discourse which mingles beginning, middle, and end, in one beautiful confusion. Nor were these two eminent speakers without a rival; a formidable one they often experienced in a haberdasher, much renowned for that kind of oratorial excellence, which, despising common rules, boldly soars above etymology and syntax. When any question occurred concerning the rate to be levied, Dr. Vampus would instruct the assembly in the modes practised by the Greeks and Romans, for managing their parishes. Mr. Hubblebubble would take occasion to throw out some profound remark on the badness of the government, and the constitution, while Mr. Malster would recommend that the poor unfortunate

tunate creatures should have a larger allowance of beer to comfort their spirits.

It happened about this time that Mr. Bricklay, the overseer, had made some additions to the buildings both of Dr. Vampus and the Reverend Mr. Hubblebubble. These two worthy preceptors consulted whether the parish might not contribute their quotas of the expence. Accordingly, they sounded Mr. Bricklay on the practicability of their finding him a parish job, on condition that he would deduct a considerable part from the amount of their bills. Bricklay informed them that he thought the workhouse required considerable enlargement, but that he was afraid great opposition would be made in the parish to a proposal for that purpose.

" Pray, my good friend, Bricklay," says the Doctor, " what could you undertake to execute a work of that sort for, in such a way as to afford yourself a reasonable profit? By reasonable, I mean *such a profit as*

parish officers usually receive in managing parish jobs."

" Why," says Bricklay, " for five hundred pounds, I could finish such an addition with a very good profit to myself."

" Very well," said Vampus, " if we can bring the business to bear in the vestry, you give in your estimate at eight hundred pounds, we shall divide the odd three, like brothers, between us. It will not make above three pounds a year difference to every good house in the parish, and it will be a considerable gain to ourselves."

Hubblebubble perfectly coincided with this opinion. Bricklay thought eight hundred too much, and proposed seven, and that the counsellors should only have fifty a-piece. The deduction was objected to with great rage. Dr. Vampus delivered a very learned harangue on the equity of the Romans and Greeks on such divisions, until Hubblebubble, who was a Welchman, and very choleric, sputtered out, as fast as anger and stammering would permit,

mit, much abuse against the iniquity of Bricklay, in proposing to allow them only fifty pounds a-piece, for getting him such a profitable job at the expence of the parish. Bricklay, on considering the matter, thought that if he received 300l. clear, of the parish spoils, that it would be unneighbourly to object to a distribution of 200l. between his two friends, who were to be the means of his acquiring those spoils. Accordingly the matter was completely settled over a cheerful bottle of wine.

"Hubblebubble," said Vampus, "you are a good hand at collecting private subscriptions for the poor, you finger the cash: come, don't take it amiss now, Doctor, you know what my pupil, Charles Douglas, says."

"D—n your pupil, Charles Douglas; I hate those Scotchmen, *they are so satyrical.* But what does he say?"

"Oh don't be angry now. I'll tell you what he says. He says you are like Signor Manuel Ordonnez, in Gil Blas, that got

money by taking care of the poor. You raised a good round sum, Hubby, for your old neighbour *in charity*. So I understand the mortgage on his house is paid off, and that it is now in your possession. Well, well, I don't want to get into your secrets."

"Poh, poh, poh," says Hubblebubble, "it is all nonsense, all a false report."

"Take care you don't blab this affair with Bricklay, here, as you did your own."

"I blab it!" said the other, "How the devil did I blab it? Did not I go about to every house in the neighbourhood to shew that I had acted fairly?"

"The very anxiety," said Vampus, "gave your neighbours a different idea. However, we do not want to know your secrets."

"Vampus," said Hubblebubble, "how goes Miss Bouncer on?"

"Miss Bouncer!" said Vampus, "what do you mean by introducing the name of that respectable lady?"

"Come

"Come, come, Doctor," said Mr. Bricklay, "don't scrutinize one another's secrets, let us mind the business in hand."

The preceptors recollected as much of their classical erudition as to understand the meaning of *hoc age*, and proceeded to lay down their plan of operations. It was agreed that Bricklay himself should not appear, but that the two preceptors should promote the matter among their respective friends, and when the affair was ripe, call a vestry. The assembly met,

"*Consedere duces et vulgi stante corona*
"*Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.*"

Anglice—The overseers and church-wardens sat down, the other parishioners standing in a ring, uprose to them Dr. Vampus, Lord of the Brazen Face.

"Mr. President," he said, "no country, as ever I heard of, either in ancient or modern times, has been so much distinguished for beneficence, for charity, for bounty, and for commiseration to the poor and indigent,

and distressed, and afflicted as England. England, Mr. President, has been more renowned for pity, and kindness, and benevolence to those who are in want of the necessaries, and requisites, and conveniences, and accommodations of life, than any other nation recorded either in sacred or profane history, either in the Northern or Southern hemisphere. I say, Mr. President, mark my words, either in Northern or Southern hemisphere. If, Mr. President, we inquire into the internal manners and institutions in every quarter of the globe, Asia, Europe, and Africa, which have been distinguished by the name of the old world, because they were known by the ancients;* or America, called the new world, because lately discovered, we shall find that in neither of them, old or new, have the poor been so well attended to as in England. Let us begin with Japan, and proceed west-

* See in Geography, Question and Answer, the source of the Doctor's wonderful erudition.

ward

ward to Peru, or let us begin at Cape North and proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, and Cape Horn, you will find no country, I say, Mr. President, you will find no country in which there is such provision made for the poor as in England."

Having poured out his learning in affirming what nobody could deny, the great man proceeded to shew, that in other parishes much more attention was bestowed on the accommodation of the poor by way of building than in that in which he resided, mentioning those in every country, and almost every town in England, in order to prove their superiority. Many of the audience were as much astonished at the learning he displayed in reciting the names of Northallerton, Wolverhampton, Pontefract, Scarborough, Whitehaven, and Longhorsley, as they had been with the erudition exhibited in his account of the poor's-rates in Cochin-China, Coromandel, Molucca, and Bildulgerid, on the parochial establishments, of which he had dwelt with great learn-

ing. The majority of the hearers were struck with such admiration that they appeared ready to accede to his proposal. One or two, indeed, began to attempt to prove, that the parochial establishments of Bildulgerid had nothing to do with the parochial establishments in their parish; that the question merely was, whether the present house was large enough for the purpose; and that an accurate survey of the house, by persons totally unconnected with the parish, ought to precede a resolution that would take away the people's money. One person affirmed, that even if the example of other places was to be their guide, instead of what was expedient in *that* particular case, he had some doubts how far the instance of Coromandel would apply, as the said Coromandel was not a single parish, but a very extensive coast. To that observation Dr. Vampus replied, that he knew very well Coromandel was a coast that contained many parishes, from Pondicherry and Bouram Pooter, which he said

said were the two principle districts of that coast. This causing some animadversion on the Doctor's geographical knowledge, he arose in a great passion, and with fury in his eyes, called out, "Has any man in this meeting the audacity to suppose me ignorant of history? Will any one affirm that Dr. Vampus, LL.D. *Lex legitimus Doctor*, is unskilled in philosophy, in ancient and modern languages? Do I not know to the bottom of all arts and sciences? Answer me that, any body that dares." At this some of the opponents smiled, but the majority heard with adoration the wonderful Doctor, who concluded his speech with strongly recommending the enlargement of the workhouse.

Mr. Hubblebubble next arose, intending to speak on the same side, but there were two misfortunes that generally attended this gentleman's eloquence. The first was, that *it rarely proved any thing*; the second, that *what it intended to prove, was the direct contrary of what he wished to*

to establish. He began an oration on the hardship of poor's- rates, and the great expence of them to the parish, when Bricklay whispered him, that his speech was not to their purpose. He desisted. Mr. Suffolk, the cheesemonger, next arose, and spoke to the following effect:

" Mr. President, and gentlemen of this here parish, now assembled, as I am a man as is well known in the parish, and as is gone through the different offices, and moreover, is a man of known property, I thinks as how my words is entitled to notice in this here westry. Then, gentlemen, let me tell you, that my werdict goes on the side with Dr. Wampus. Simon Suffolk, the cheesemonger, very well known in this parish, yes, and at the Bank too, mark that, Mr. President, S. Suffolk's name to a bit of a paper will give it credit, I will not say for how much, but ten times one is ten, let me tell you that, Mr. President, therefore, what I says *oft* to be minded; and, as I said before, Simon Suffolk

folk wotes with Dr. Wampus. I see some gentleman as near him sneer; I know well enough what they mean, they thinks as how I side in this westry with Dr. Wampus because for why, I sarves his house in the cheesemongery line, but there Dr. Wampus and I is equal. My son is with the Doctor, as many here knows. We agreed that we should *swop*, that he should give Simmy education, and I should give him cheese; therefore, it is not to oblige the Doctor, but because it is my own opinion, that I wote for this enlargement; and should there be more poor taken in, I trust the honourable the church-wardens, and the honourable the overseers, will continue to employ their brother and friend, Simon Suffolk, as before."

The most sensible and intelligent men of the parish persisting in an opposition, they were over-ruled by hoots, hisses, and clamour. Vampus's motion was carried, the estimate was made and agreed to. Every thing being settled, Bricklay had some

some disputes with himself, whether he should not disavow the bargain with the two preceptors; but knowing Vampus to be an excellent customer, and that Hubblebubble could put a good job in his hands, in the rebuilding of a house that had been purchased with the proceeds of a charity, he thought it was as well to keep on friendly terms; he, therefore, allowed them the hundred pounds each, indemnifying himself by an extra charge to the same amount, which the good-natured church-wardens and overseers paid without discussion, assessing the parish with the same. Thus, through the benevolence of Dr. Vampus, Bricklay got a job, not in the least necessary, that put the parish to the expence of a thousand pounds, of which, three hundred executed the work, so that seven hundred were clear gain to the associates. So beneficial it is to a parish to be governed or influenced by vestry orators.

But the Doctors talents for parochial discussions were not confined to that which

was

was blessed with his own residence, that of the disinterested Mr. Bricklay, of the learned and disinterested Mr. Suffolk, and of the learned, wise, and honest Mr. Hubblebubble; his exertions were extended to other parts. He nearly about the same time acquired much renown in the course of a contest with another parish, about the procreation and nativity of a bastard. A meeting had been appointed between committees from the two vestries, to settle the important affair. The other parish had believed they had stolen a march by bringing a lawyer of *very great renown in the vestry*, a scene wherein he had the greatest opportunities of exercising his eloquence, as he was interrupted by no avocations at Westminster Hall. As he was the idol of the parish, it was a very great blessing that *no where else* attempts were made to prevent it from monopolizing the oratory of Counsellor Jabber. Great, however, as he was in his own parish, he met with his match in Dr. Vampus, who detected a fallacy

fallacy in the statement of Mr. Jabber, and proved to the satisfaction of all present, that seven months were not nine. The friends of Jabber, although they allowed that he did all that man could do in defence of his cause, were obliged to acknowledge the astonishing talents of Dr. Vampus. The one, as the worthy Mr. Suffolk, the cheesemonger and church-warden, with his wonted sagacity and facetiousness, remarked, was, to be sure, an able lawyer, the other was a Doctor of laws.

Charles, who had a great deal of humour, did not disrelish vestry meetings, so fertile in that species of eloquence which the French call *gallimatia*, the English, nonsense. Mr. Jabber had displayed a very great fund of learning in reciting the various laws about bastards, within this realm, from the time of Alfred downwards, mixed with dissertations on several eminent bastards. When he had finished, his friends looked with a triumphant air at the opposite party, when Dr. Vampus, with undaunted courage, rose up, and

and, after very high compliments to the eloquence of Mr. Jabber, proceeded to shew still greater learning; whereas Mr. Jabber had gone no farther back than the times of the Saxons, in order to establish his position, that bastards ought to be taken care of, Vampus went back to Abraham's time, mentioned the history of Ishmael, the adventures of David, and the concubines of Solomon, and coming to profane history, pronounced, with great emphasis, Sardinapalus. So sounding a name had its influence; the opposite party began to hang down their heads; but when afterwards he came to Caius Julius Cæsar, the most strenuous admirers of his antagonist looked with dismay at one another, whispering, even Mr. Jabber himself can be outdone in eloquence, what a wonderful man is this. The Doctor, after three quarters of an hour's speech, had got the length of William the Conqueror, when dinner was announced, an intimation which no churchwardens nor overseers could, for a minute, disregard.

disregard. After a dinner worthy of the feasters on a child, all parties being in high glee, the matter was compromised, so that the eloquence of both the orators was superfluous; it, however procured great renown to them, and the character of Dr. Vampus was higher than ever.

Dr. Vampus elevated by the fame he had acquired by his triumph over the vestry lawyer, bethought himself of extending his importance by displaying his talents in other societies. About this time, a club of schoolmasters occasionally met, to talk on professional concerns, and sometimes *about* learned subjects. Vampus had been applied to, to be one of their set, and had thought it incumbent on him to write a letter expressing his superiority, which he accordingly did in the following terms:

" Gentlemen,

" I have received your invitation to make " one among you. I have already distanced " you all, and shall, for a time, rest upon " my

" my shield, when I find any of you " near overtaking me, I shall take another " flight and distance you again.

" I am, Gentlemen,
" Your most obedient servant,
" ARTHUR VAMPUS."

Having, however, afterwards heard some of the members favourably spoken of, and conceiving that he might have an opportunity of making a more distinguished figure among schoolmasters, than men of letters, with whom he occasionally consorted, he at last determined to be one of the number, and having been with them once or twice, thought he would raise his consequence with Charles by exhibiting the superiority which he conceived himself to possess, and, over many of them, not without great truth.

The company consisted of about thirty, among these, some men of talents, and of learning; several verbal pedants, several men

men middling, but the majority, inferior to Dr. Vampus himself. The best dogs of a pack are seldom the first to open, so at least, was the case here: the throats first exercised were those of the babblers, *quæ maxima pars est*,* (the greater number.) Among these there was a very general disposition to speak, at least, to utter articulate sounds, but a very small disposition to hear. Parties of ten or a dozen were earnestly engaged in telling each other of their respective importance; although they displayed no profound knowledge of any literary subject, nor, indeed, even of their own mother tongue, much less of any foreign language, yet they shewed themselves well versed in foreign eloquence, especially that species of it which takes its name from Gascony. "I," said one, "have the good fortune to be employed by the very highest connec-

* For the edification of those schoolmasters that may find a difficulty in translating *outlandish lingo*, we thought it necessary to subjoin the translation.

tions.

tions. Mr. Deputy Dripping has often *took* me with him in his own *shay*, and recommends to me all the young men *as* he can, and *them* are not a little. Indeed, every one allows as how my manner of larning the boys, both writing and accompts, is equal to any that has ever been invented; but what I most values myself upon, and thinks myself most completest in, is grammar. The Deputy, his friend the Alderman, and Sir John, often comes and eats their mutton with me. Although the Alderman and I be such good friends, we dont have the same opinion. He is all for the funds, I *were* always for mortgages."

Another opened upon his extraordinary talent for teaching history. Here we must observe, that there are many of the very lowest retainers to letters, who have a portion of knowledge which may serve them very decently, if not too lavishly expended, or if they do not strive to get beyond its reach. Such men ought not to bring out too much at once, lest the store should be exhausted.

exhausted. If I happened to know Lilly's Grammar, the Tutor's Assistant, Goldsmith abridged, Geography, question and answer, and no more, I should not be in too great a hurry *to empty the budget.* I should postpone the complete effusion of my stores, at least, till near the hour of departure, nor would it be altogether prudent even then, should there be a chance of my meeting any of the same company again; much less ought I to speak of subjects beyond the said Lilly's Grammar, Tutor's Assistant, Goldsmith abridged, or Geography in question and answer. Even should a master of an academy, to suppose a case not frequent, happen to be able to make out the syntax of Virgil, to be able to tell in the first line of the Æneid why *arma* is the accusative case, and that the English of *cano* is, I sing, he ought not from that degree of erudition to imagine that, therefore, he knows Virgil, relishes his excellencies, can discuss his merit as a poet, or appreciate the accession to the world of

pleasure

pleasure or utility from his works. The greater number of masters of academies then assembled, appeared to Charles to have made no great advances in grammatical knowledge. Most of them, indeed, seemed to him, to be so much enamoured of the pronoun *ego*, that there they stopped short without seeking for any other subject of contemplation. Happy would it have been for the *first persons singular* then assembled had they adopted the precaution above recommended of confining their dissertations to subjects within their reach. While the *babblers* were still going on, before the men of talents spoke, and just as Dr. Vampus had finished an account of his intended translation of Thucydides, the grammarian and the historian whom we have before commemorated, got into a most unfortunate dispute about geography. The question was, whether Constantinople was in Asia or Africa. The grammarian eagerly contending that it was in Asia, not far from Babelmandel, or *Babel the ancient Babylon*.

The historian no less warmly maintained that it was not near Babelmandel or Babel, for that *Babelmandel was on the Euphrates*, but that Constantinople was near the Straits, and what other Straits were there than those of Gibraltar, except those of Dover? and Constantinople was not there. He had been informed by a friend of his, an officer belonging to the garrison, that Africa was opposite to Gibraltar; and, beside, that when they crossed the Straits of Gibraltar they got among Mahometans. "Are not the people of Constantinople," said he, with an exulting air, "Mahometans? answer me that, Sir. Do not pretend to talk to me, Sir, of them there matters, these are my own forte." The force of this reasoning was not lost upon the grammarian, who apprehended that the argument about Mahometanism was conclusive, but was the more enraged at his opponent's triumph, as he conceived him to be in the right. Modeling his face, naturally very impudent, into (what he thought) a most

a most commanding frown, and taking a no less important strut round the table, he came to the historian, and, in a very loud voice, said, "Your are a d——d impertinent fellow, to talk in such a style to me, Sir." The other replied in the same style, with a reference to that part of the human body which is most frequently exposed to the view of schoolmasters. The grammarian threatened to kick it; from threats they proceeded to blows, and, being pretty nearly matched, a furious battle ensued. They were, however, at length appeased, preserving only black eyes, and swelled faces, as memorials of their preceptorial qualifications. Peace being restored, the grammarian confined himself to subjects within his own sphere, and made several very important remarks on the difference between Ruddiman's and Lilly's Grammar. "The one," says he, "begins the rules for genders, with

"*Propria quæ maribus tribuentur mascula dicas.*"

The other commences thus:

"*Qua maribus solum tribuentur mascula sunto.*"

Nay, the learned gentleman went farther, and made several quotations, even in the *Qua genus*, went through both the *as*, and *es*, *in presenti*, without many mistakes, but wisely stopped short at the *Tertia preteritum*, and, not choosing to venture on the syntax, modestly retreated to the accidence. He observed, with much gravity, that, in Ruddiman's Rudiments, the examples, both in the nouns and verbs, were different from Lilly's: "For you know, gentlemen," says he, "at least, every *literary* man knows, that in the first declension, we, in the Southern part of the kingdom, make use of *musa*, whereas in the North the word is *penna*; there are, besides, other differences between Scotch and English instructions, the Scotch have *fructus* instead of our *gradus*, and *doceo* and *lego*, instead of *moneo* and *rego*. Another sagacious gentleman observed, that *musa* was not the word in all English grammars, for that in the Westminster, it was *via*: the other acknowledged the justice of the remark.

The

The illustrious Mr. Hubblebubble, equally distinguished for original genius, as for acquired learning; for clearness of conception, and for facility of delivery; exhibited to the company a degree of erudition, not inferior to that possessed by the combatants, concerning the geography of Constantinople. Among many other sage observations, he affirmed that there could be no happiness in any country where there were *bishops*, *lords*, *and kings*; that loyalty and religion were all folly. In order to support his allegations, he did the best he could to retail Tom Paine's jokes about Eve and the apple, Mary Magdalen, Jonah and the whale; but, forgetting one half, and bungling the other half by his manner of delivery, he made Thomas much less noxious than Thomas made himself. Mr. Hubblebubble then proceeded to abuse all wars, and expressed his regret that the classical authors which boys were taught, tended to give them a military spirit.

"For my own part," says he, "I am

much averse to such writers as Nepos, and Cæsar, and Eutropius; not that I find them difficult, for I believe I know as much Latin, and Greek too, as most men, and, indeed, of other subjects too; but they are *all* about battles, and so, indeed, is Sallust, Livy, and the whole of them. *Not a word* but war in them all; so it is with Homer, Xenophon, Thucydides, Herodotus, and the whole of them; *nothing* to be found but war and dissention."

A tall, comely man, with a handsome, lively, intelligent countenance, very easily combated this puny assailant of the classics; exhibited an accurate and extensive acquaintance with those valuable monuments of antiquity, and afterwards shewed himself deeply acquainted with mathematical science. Charles, on hearing his name, knew him to be a gentleman well known in the literary world for his elucidations of Spherical Trigonometry. Dr. Vampus wishing to raise himself in the opinion of the company, and particularly of this gentleman,

tleman, who was a countryman of his own, though *no ways related to him*, began to talk of Sophocles, and Pindar, and expatiated on the delight with which he perused their incomparable writings. By keeping to generals, and not descending to particulars, he did, on the whole, tolerably well. "Homer," said he, "gentlemen, is a very sublime writer, in my opinion; and though, as my friend Hubby justly observes, is *always* talking about battles, yet he is very admirable. What fine verses, I remember, the first and the last—

Μηνιν αειδε, θεα, Πηληιαδεω Ἀχιλῆος.

that is the first verse of the Iliad, and the last verse is—

Ος οιδ' αμφιεπον ταφον Εκτορος ιπποδαμοιο.

After farther profound quotations from different Grecian authors, with criticisms equally erudite from Dr. Vampus, the gentleman, who had replied to Mr. Hubblebubble and others, joined in the con-

versation. Dr. Scanwell, with very great accuracy, discussed all the variety of measures used by the Greek and Roman poets, making many remarks on the philological and metrical diversities, he displayed both a species and degree of learning that would not have disgraced an Ainsworth or an Hedericus. A stout, good-looking, short gentleman, without entering much into philological disquisition, gave a very masterly view of Grecian literature, philosophy, and its causes, and shewed himself, in our hero's opinion, in the extent of his knowledge, the force of his powers, the justness of the criterion by which he estimated the real utility of studies, and the skill with which he applied general circumstances to particular cases, one of the ablest men with whom he had ever conversed. Several other gentlemen exhibited good talents and respectable learning. So that our hero perceived that he had been very hasty in concluding from the instances of his worthy preceptor and Mr. Hubblebubble, the majority

jority of masters of academies to be ignorant impostors. It must be allowed that Charles did not here exercise his usual logical acuteness; it being as inconsistent with good reasoning to conclude, that because two masters of academies were ignonorant blockheads, all are such; as if he had known two of the best men of the profession, to suppose that all masters of academies were learned and able, because he had found eminent ability and learning in Doctors Greenwich and Kensington. Of thirty, accidentally met, one fourth consisted of men of talents and knowledge, another fourth of men neither weak nor ignorant, a third, of persons on a footing with Dr. Vampus, and the last fourth of persons inferior to that preceptor, and scarcely with a footing even with Mr. Hubblebubble. Making a calculation, therefore, not above one half professed to teach what they had never learned.*

Our

* Some gentlemen whom I have talked to on this subject think this calculation proceeds from *my extreme partiality*

Our hero observed, that pedantry and other *professional peculiarities* were *in the inverse proportion to talents and knowledge*, and, consequently, in many of them, very prominent. Doctor Vampus also tried his hand at wit, and repeated many puns, some of them retailed from Joe Miller and George Selwinn, very tolerable, others of his own invention, very poor, and all of which our hero had often heard from him before; many of the rest, of the sett, also tried jokes, and with equal success. The party now breaking up, Dr. Vampus, our hero, and Mr. Hubblebubble, returned home.

partiality to the profession. I confess that, in any matter of doubt, I should rather lean to the candid side, although I cannot confidently affirm, yet I rather think that not above one, of two masters of academies, is a rank impostor, in the sense in which I have above used the term, viz. when a weak and ignorant person undertakes an art, for which, weakness and ignorance render him unfit, instead of taking to the thimble, the last, the shuttle, or the hatchet, where they would not prevent his utility to society.

Mean-

Meanwhile our hero kept up his intimate friendship with the amiable and *virtuous superintendant of female manners, and former of female characters*, Miss Bouncer. Their intercourse had, at one time, undergone a short suspension, as the lady had been seized with a fit of illness, from which, however, she in a few weeks recovered, though paler and thinner than usual. The feeling heart of Dr. Vampus reproached himself as the cause of her distemper; as she had often walked out with him late in an evening, a circumstance to which he imputed her disorder; she was, indeed, particularly fond of moonlight meditations, and what fitter companion could she choose than the learned Dr. Vampus. If she revered the Doctor as a master, she loved Douglas as a scholar; and being, like many others, more desirous of communicating instruction to the young than receiving instruction from the advanced in years, she preferred, in her nocturnal perambulations, the company of the pupil to that of the pre-

ceptor; so that Charles had fully as much reason to consider himself as the source of any evil which she might derive in the night air. Different accounts were given of the nature of her malady. Physicians make a very just and nice distinction between diseases that are *infectious* and communicated through the air, and those which are derived from personal contact, which they denominate *contagious*. To this last sort is the plague by some late writers supposed to belong. Miss Bouncer's indisposition, however, though universally epidemical, not in some, but in all countries, did not resemble the pestilence in its effects, as it was far from tending to depopulation. Neither did it resemble the small-pox, as it very frequently visited a patient more than once. It was called in the family an inflammatory fever.

On her recovery Douglas visited her as usual, and had every day farther opportunities of observing the plan, system, and

some

some of the consequences of the education of the boarding school.

The young *ladies* who were entrusted to the care and tuition of Miss Bouncer, were generally the daughters of mechanics, and the inferior classes of tradesmen, who, *at the instigation of their wives*, were eagerly desirous that their daughters should be properly initiated in the principles of gentility and *peliteness*. There was Miss Chink, the pewterer's daughter, whose time was chiefly devoted, by her father's desire, to the *harpsicols*, with which it was intended she should regale the ears of her mamma, in the parlour, while they could have the sweet accompaniments of the hammer and anvil, from the adjoining work-shop. Miss Sprout, the green-grocer's young lady, was dexterously skilled in flowering muslin, which would be of such use to her when assisting her wise parents in selling cabbages and potatoes; while the pupil that was destined to grace the *boutique* of her father, the vender of cheese,

cheese, butter, and eggs, was peculiarly eminent for her skill in performing on the harp. Miss was also well versed in the manufacture of artificial flowers, which were certainly less powerful in flavour than that fragrance which exhaled from her father's repositories. Miss Snip was principally distinguished for her skill in dancing; while Miss Chip had made such proficiency in the French language, that at sixteen she could read Telemachus without a great deal of difficulty; though, had her parents been inspired by Mentor, they would probably have endeavoured to improve her in such qualifications as might be more immediately essential in her condition. Some people may think that the *accomplishments* which have been just mentioned, however ornamental and pleasing when combined with liberal and elegant manners; and suitable to those whose rank in life and connections introduce them into polished society, are absurd and ridiculous when *united with the pert vulgarity of low Londoners*;

Londoners; and very inconsistent with the views and employments of those females who are destined to the office of distributing threads and tapes behind the counter. Their boarding school acquirements are not only useless, but hurtful. They do not qualify the pupil for properly discharging those employments, which, though not high, are useful, and may be respectable. The smattering Miss receives (and a most superficial smattering it is, that is attained in such boarding schools as are recruited from these classes,) makes her fancy herself really accomplished. She despises the occupations which the condition of her parents renders necessary, and is thus unhappy in their family. She looks down on the young mechanics, and tradesmen, who are the equals of her parents and herself; aspires to affiance, to which she is not entitled; fails, as might be expected, in her hopes of becoming a gentleman's wife; the consequence is obvious, frequent, and fatal. From low boarding schools to prostitution

tution the course is easy, expeditious, and daily trodden.

Indeed, independent of the folly of parents who sent their daughters to seminaries where they were taught what was useless in their rank, fortune, and situation, censorious observers pretended to point out in such schools as Miss Bouncer's defects that rendered them, by no means, desireable to any parents. There certainly were, as in all human institutions, perfections and imperfections. Even the most strenuous advocates for these boarding schools must have admitted, that history and practical morality, and explanation of the characters and conduct of mankind, of the relations and duties of social life, did not make a part of the plan and execution. Against that debtor side, however, of the account, they could take credit for music and French. One of the young Misses might have, perhaps, found a difficulty in discussing the obligations on children to honour and obey their parents; to balance this deficiency

she

she would be at no loss for ideas and terms in a discussion of embroidery, of the most fashionable laces for caps, and trimmings for petticoats. Her notions of the Creator and Saviour of the world, most probably, would be far from being accurate, but she must be perfectly acquainted with the most adroit mode of ogling at church. The most useful qualifications for a wife, this boarding school was not the place to learn, but a better could not be found for teaching the qualifications of a Mistress. Miss would not, probably, learn there to compassionate and relieve the sufferings of the poor and afflicted, but could not be in a better place to learn to compassionate and relieve the sufferings of a lover. This last branch of benevolence, not so much the precepts as the examples of governesses, and usheresses, tended most powerfully to inculcate. That grave and serious teacher, Dean Swift, in his benevolent instructions to servants, has extended his lessons to the Governesses of young ladies. "Let," says he, "the Misses

Misses read romances, to make them tender-hearted." This excellent and beneficial advice, the Governess of the boarding school most strictly and conscientiously followed; and, for that purpose, carefully searched those excellent repositories of moral instruction, circulating libraries, which, in country villages, are more *exclusively* adapted for the softening of hearts than in town. To improve the sensibility of their pupils, the Usheresses gave to them the admirable works of Mrs. Behn, the plays of Farquhar, and Vanbrugh; but, above all, the Monk, containing so many pathetic and instructive histories; but of which, that part that details the adventures of Ambrosio and Matilda, was, on the return of the book from the boarding school, observed to be the most thumbed over, with frequent spots of candle grease, from which the sagacious bookseller inferred, it was the subject of midnight lucubrations. One of the strongest arguments adduced by all preachers and other promoters of practical

practical morality in favour of that truly christian virtue, charity, is the recollection of the evils incident to the infirmities of our natures, and which, by sympathy, we can bring home to ourselves; this motive for performing the consummation of christian virtues, the teachers of the boarding schools took care should not be wanting; they early inculcated the miseries accruing to feeling females by the interruption of that tenderness that fills the bosoms of the two enraptured lovers, *they did as they would be done by*; that they might not be disturbed in receiving the vows and solemn protestations of their lovers, they allowed those of their pupils, that were of an age to have sensibility of heart, the same kind indulgence. The treaty rather implied, than expressed, between the Usheresses and their *grown* scholars, was founded on the firm basis of mutual reciprocity; they gave the liberty they took. Thus we see, though there was not altogether every virtue and every sort of improvement, there were many

many virtues and much improvement. One of the most important objects of legislation is the prevention of crimes; if the prevention of any crimes be right, that of capital crimes is the rightest of all; no institution can more powerfully advance that object of legislators, in one most important instance, than the boarding school; as none can more powerfully tend to prevent that crime for which Tarquin suffered banishment, and many suffer death.—These were some of the observations which the experience and sagacity of our hero, assisted by those of his friend, Sidney, and others, enabled him to make on the advantages of a boarding school education. On a farther acquaintance with the world, particularly *the world of London*, he was enabled to discover other consequences, which shall be mentioned in their proper place.

CHAP. II.

Our Hero in imminent Danger—Rescued by a young Gentleman, in whom he recognizes an old Friend—Wilson's Account of himself—A Description of his Sister, Isabella Wilson.

ONE evening our hero was returning to town from Hampstead, in the month of September, before the watch was set, when he heard a cry of murder at a little distance, and, being armed with a hanger, ran to the place, and saw three fellows standing over a man in a faint voice begging for life. Without minding the odds, he, before his approach was observed, struck one a blow that felled him to the ground, and proceeded to attack the other two, when they both fired, but fortunately missed him, and, drawing their cutlasses, attacked him together. Charles, to prevent any of the fellows getting behind him, put his back to a tree, and made a very vigorous defence, but was almost

almost sinking, when another gentleman, who had heard the report of the pistols, dismounted from his horse, and taking two loaded pistols from the holsters, sprang into the field, towards where he heard the clashing of swords. One of the ruffians was swearing they would murder our hero, when the gentleman coming close to him, fired his pistol with so successful an aim, that the fellow immediately fell, the other ran away. By this time our hero most eagerly thanked the stranger for his brave and fortunate interference, told him that he was afraid that the villains had severely wounded that gentleman, shewing him one that was lying on the ground. Going to him they found him very faint, and carried him to a house about a hundred yards from the scene of action, of which, the master, although he had heard the pistols, had been afraid to interfere, singly, but met them with a body of neighbours he had collected. Our hero asking one of them to guide him to the nearet surgeon, directed the

rest

rest to attend the wounded ruffians. On coming to the surgeon's, he, being luckily at home, inspected the wound, and found that the gentleman, for such he appeared to be, had received only a flesh wound, and that the ball had passed through the fleshy part of his thigh, without much contusion; and that his faintness proceeded from the loss of blood. While he was administering the proper remedies, our hero and the stranger, whose attention had been hitherto engrossed by the wounded gentleman, looking earnestly at one another, pronounced at the same moment, with the most delighted surprize, "Douglas!" "Wilson!" In short, Charles found this to be his friend and class-fellow, whose cause he had, at school, so vigorously espoused, and Wilson had the satisfaction to know that the friend to whom he had been indebted for protection, was now indebted to him for life. Before they entered upon each other's history the wounded footpads were brought to the same place, and, on being

being examined by the surgeon, proved to be mores everely wounded than the gentleman, though not mortally. Some of the Bow Street patroles happening to come up in the mean time, our hero began to explain the affair, offering to submit to confinement until, on an investigation before the magistrate the next day, he could prove, from the wounded gentleman, that he had acted from the motive of defending a fellow-creature, and, from his own evidence, that Wilson had done the same. One of the officers answered, that there was not the least occasion for their undergoing any confinement, that they knew the villains, that they had committed several robberies on Finchley-Common, and its vicinity, within the last fortnight; that they had caught one of them the day before, who had turned King's evidence; and that, besides, independent of this night's adventure, there were witnesses enough to hang them, three times over, and we shall soon (he said) have the fellow that is gone off. They requested the company of the gentleman

gentleman to the place, on coming there and examining it, proceeded farther on the field, in the direction towards Primrose Hill, closely inspecting the ground, by the light of the lantern, to see if they could observe any tracks of blood, as it was possible the third fellow might be wounded; at no great distance they found a bloody handkerchief, but, after searching a considerable time, could find no other traces of the fellow. On their return to the surgeon's they found that the wounded gentleman was so much better as to be able to speak with tolerable firmness, and thank his deliverers. They perceived him to be a young man of a most striking and elegant appearance. Some of the company thought him very like our hero, especially Wilson, nor was our hero without an idea that he resembled his father. Douglas and Wilson gave the officers their address, that they might be sent for when the robbers should be carried to Bow Street, and it being now very late, took up their lodging, for the night, at a

neighbouring inn, promising to enquire for the wounded gentleman the next morning.

Being more disposed to converse than to sleep, they ordered supper, and, over a good fire, and a bowl of excellent punch, they enjoyed themselves in the recital of their mutual adventures, and in those pleasing and endearing recollections which make so great a part of the happiness of old friends, at an unexpected interview after a long absence. Our hero first gave a faithful recital of every thing that had befallen him, except what related to Miss Bouncer, and some other ladies, who had kept their character long after they deserved to lose it. Wilson informed our hero that, after having finished his philosophy course at Edinburgh, he had betaken himself to the study of divinity, but that finding himself by no means endued with that self-command and purity which the presbyterian discipline required in pastors, he had preferred abandoning all sorts of the sacred profession, to embracing

embracing it without strictly adhering to its duties; that besides, his mother's income being very limited, he wished to try whether, by his industry in or near the capital, he could not make a greater addition to it than it was possible to do in Scotland. He had, like Douglas, an only sister, who, though but seventeen years of age, had been found qualified to take charge of the improvement of a young lady, under the eye of her mother, who preferred her own house to a boarding school as the scene of her daughter's tuition. The lady having business at London chose to reside in its neighbourhood until it was accomplished; she had a house at Hendon, and he had been to see his sister, and pay his respects to her patroness; he himself, he said, was an assistant in an academy near town, with a gentleman, on hearing whose name, our hero knew him to be a man of talents and learning, and quite the reverse, in every other respect, of his own worthy preceptor. Our hero imme-

diately found that his friend was the Mr. Wilson mentioned by Mrs. Lighthorse, as having been the admirer of Miss Eliza Palaver, and, laughing, asked him the particulars, which he found to be nearly the same as he had heard from his aunt. He had also since learned that Miss had set her cap at another young gentleman, but, unfortunately, to no purpose. Charles asked if she was handsome. Wilson answered that she had tolerable features and complexion, and, on explaining particulars, our hero found that she was not much unlike his good friend, Miss Bouncer, in her person, though he could not learn whether the resemblance extended to conduct. Wilson accounted for his liking to her by saying, that he had very few acquaintances, and that she happened to pay him more attention than other females of decent appearance; but that his affection had not been so deeply engaged by such attractions as she possessed, as not to be speedily crushed by his pride.

Besides

Besides attending to the duties of his office, Wilson told our hero he frequently wrote essays for periodical works, that he admired the recent revolution from slavery to freedom, in a neighbouring nation, and thought the preceding year, 1789, one of the most glorious epochs in the history of man. He went over the history of asserted freedom in Greece, Sicily, Rome, and England, and contended that the efforts of the French were equally honourable, and of greater importance, than any recorded in ancient history, and more arduous than that of Britain, as the evils removed by our revolution were much smaller in degree, and the change effected proportionably less; that the excesses were inconsiderable from men just emancipated from the dreadful tyranny which they had so long suffered and felt. Our hero, with abilities equal to Wilson's, had, from his intercourse with several men of *sound* as well as vigorous talents, especially Dr. Grecian, become habituated to accurate investigation and rigid induction, and, though his imagination was

fertile, strong, and soaring, yet rarely allowed that delightful seductive faculty to usurp the province of judgement, when the object was enquiry into truth. He allowed that the old government of France had been very deficient in many of the constituents of just and beneficial polity, though he doubted, he said, whether facts could justify the conclusion, that it was so very bad as the fervid admiration of the votaries of the new order of things represented, and whether some of the evils ascribed to the government were not owing to the manners of the people; that although he allowed the constitution of this country to be the best that could be found *for* men of the thoughts sentiments, habits, in short, *the general character of Britons*, it by no means followed that, therefore, it was best for all nations; that the character of the French nation required a *greater* restraint than that of the British, but that by their new constitution the controul was much *less*. One estate was, in a great degree, paramount. It

was

was a new experiment, and although it would be premature to say, with confidence, that its effects would be bad, that both from the avowed principles and the conduct of the French revolutionists, he thought there was a greater probability of evil than good ensuing from it, but that it was generally understood, that a man of the first genius and knowledge in the kingdom was about publishing his sentiments on the subject, and would, no doubt, clearly exhibit facts, and completely analyze principles, thence infer probable consequences. Wilson's vigorous genius had been chiefly employed, for some time, in solitary reading, without having his opinions modified by discourse and disquisition, he was, therefore, in the fitter frame for adopting a principle hastily, or pursuing one to a certain degree right, without the modifications and circumscriptions under which only it was right. Reflecting that the greatest intellectual and moral excellencies had been exhibited in free countries, he imputed

those perfections too exclusively to freedom, and did not reflect that other causes had concurred in the countries in question.

The conversation returning to more private subjects, our hero asked Wilson several questions about his family, and observed that his sister, when he saw her about three years before, promised to be a most beautiful interesting young lady. Wilson replied, that she was an amiable and good girl, which was better, and told Charles, that his own sister equalled any he had ever seen, for beauty and accomplishments, that he had seen her about a year before at Edinburgh, with the daughter of Mr. Wiseman, our hero's old friend. He said he was very well acquainted with Mr. Wiseman, and informed our hero, from him, more particularly than his father's letters had done, of the state of affairs at Tay Bank. The poor Laird was become quite a sot, and entirely governed by his wife and the Rhodomontades; aunt Nell had also a considerable weight

with

with him, as the Rhodomontades had found it useful to employ her as a tool; Rhodomontade had taken the direction of the estate, and was reported to squeeze more money from the tenants than he accounted for to the Laird, whose wife had brought to the world a second son, who was said to have a remarkable likeness to a young attorney, Rhodomontade's nephew. Our hero was extremely grieved to hear so particular an account of the folly of his uncle, and both grieved and enraged to think that spurious issue might eventually interfere with the interest of his father's family. He wished earnestly for his father's speedy arrival in London, to see if any measures could be concerted to bring the abandoned woman to the public exposure she merited. Wilson farther told him, that the eldest of the boys, he had that day heard from his sister, was dead, so that there only remained this image of the attorney. Charles swore in a rage, that he would beg permission of his father to go to Scotland, and that he

would compel, by his superior bodily strength, the attorney to acknowledge the conversation in a letter addressed to the husband. Wilson represented to him the impracticability of such an attempt, and, after moderating the violence of Charles's rage, proposed they should retire for some hours to rest.

The next morning they went to enquire for the wounded gentleman, and found him considerably better; he very warmly expressed his thanks to both gentlemen, but especially to Charles, who had, he understood, been the first to attack the villains. The resemblance between him and our hero appeared both to Wilson and the surgeon much more striking than in the evening before, as they more particularly examined their features and shape. The young gentleman conceived the same idea, and each fancied in the other a resemblance to an absent gentleman, for which they could not account. Our hero traced the resemblance to an original, the other

to

to a picture. The wounded gentleman, with very great disorder in his voice and countenance faultered out, "Pray, Sir, the favour of your name."

Charles, with an uneasiness, the cause of which he himself could not have exactly ascertained, answered, "Charles Douglas."

"Charles Douglas!" repeated the other, "to whom I am indebted for preservation! Your father's——"

"My father's——" replied our hero, with the most painful surprize. "The same."

An agitation, too powerful for his body, weakened by the loss of blood, overwhelmed the gentleman, and he fell into a swoon. Our hero waited with the most anxious and impatient uneasiness for the developement of this mystery, but the surgeon requested him to retire, and wait for an explanation until the gentleman should have acquired more strength, as, in his present state, any thing so disturbing as the conversation with our hero appeared to be would, most

probably, produce a fever. Our hero, eager as he was for an explanation, was obliged by humanity, and something that he felt stronger than common humanity, to comply with the surgeon's request; he was under extreme apprehensions that the gentleman had already suffered from his emotions. He earnestly entreated the surgeon to call immediately a physician, to meet, at the beginning, any symptoms of fever that might appear. The surgeon assured him, that, should the smallest necessity appear, an eminent gentleman of the faculty should be immediately sent for.

Charles dispatched a messenger to Dr. Vampus, carrying an account of the affair as far as concerned the encounter and wound, and informing the Doctor that he did not wish to leave the place where he was, until the gentleman's state was more exactly ascertained, as it might be in his power to procure him assistance more speedily than could otherwise be done; that he was a young man of very prepossessing appear-

appearance and deportment, and that he felt himself very much interested in his welfare. That day being Sunday, Wilson had no official call at home, and excused himself from the engagement in town to accompany our hero. Charles begged the surgeon to conceal from every other person the apparent cause of the youth's disturbance, as he was not without apprehensions that his was a matter of peculiar delicacy. Mr. Probe promised, upon his honour, that a single circumstance or expression should never transpire through him.

Douglas, after evidently very violent emotions, and with a great deal of hesitation and stammering, but an affected indifference, said, "He seems to be a very young man; what age do you suppose he may be?"

"I should suppose," says Mr. Probe, "about twenty."

"Twenty! he is certainly more than that," replied our hero. "I should hope—good God! what nonsense am I speaking," con-

continued he, trembling, "I—I—I should sup-suppose—I mean, he is more than that."

Mr. Probe was not without a conjecture of the ground of agitation. Wilson conceived it more perfectly, but neither of them appeared to take the smallest notice of either the matter or manner of Charles's last remark. Wilson, to amuse our hero, proposed a walk in the fields. Douglas, restrained both by his uncertainty of the real state of the case, and by his unwillingness to appear to imagine that any thing could have possibly happened that could diminish sentiments he had always felt, and of which the force and ardour increased with his knowledge of the object, and the maturity of his judgement, was not disposed to discuss even, to his intimate friend, his present feelings. His companion had himself too much understanding and delicacy of sentiment to seek, or even to encourage, a communication, the remembrance of which might, hereafter, give him pain.——They strolled

strolled through the fields, occasionally conversing on different topics, when, coming to the new road by the end of Tottenham-Court-Road, they found a great croud assembled, and, on Wilson asking the cause, they understood that a methodist preacher was just about to mount *a stool*. Wilson, from a desire of a temporary diversion to the concern and perplexity which the countenance of his friend exhibited, wished him to hear the harangue. Charles, in hopes to conceal his sentiments, lest the cause should be apprehended, consented. He had not, indeed, the least suspicion that Wilson had any conception of the subject that occupied his thoughts, as he was by no means sensible of the evident force of the emotions he had discovered in his actions and words. The preacher, after the usual non-conformist preliminaries of a long *extempore* prayer, gave out his text. What it was, Douglas and Wilson did not very perfectly hear, both as they were at a distance, and, as at the same time that it

issued

issued from the preacher, there issued from other quarters dissonant cries of the *best Hollands, gingerbread nuts, and arline plumbs.* Afterwards on drawing nearer the preacher, Wilson, for our hero did not much attend to it, found that it was of no earthly consequence whether they heard the text or not, as the orator, in imitation of some of greater note, expatiated from the proposed subject to every other one that happened to strike his fancy. Attending to the general scope of his doctrines, Wilson perceived him to have adopted many of the religious, moral, and political doctrines of the Scotch seceders, or their representatives, the independents of this part of the kingdom. He strongly *inculcated faith without works.*

"Oh, my beloved bretheren," he said, in a true Caledonian accent, "what a blessed doctrine it is that we are not to be clothed, yea, I say unto you, clothed in filthy nasty rags of our ain righteousness, but the splendid *robs* of Christ. It dis na signify how

how great sinners you ha been, or are, *provided you do but believe.* Do na be loosing your time in laabouring aifter morality and virtue, and sic haithenish things, seek for grace, seek for it, and you will get speunefus of it, and not only speunefus but ladlefus, not only ladlefus but kettlefus. The grace of God is irresistible when ainsce you have have had the effectual calling, you ay persaivere in the parts of grace. I noo proceed to expound to you in our chief doctrines of *the persaivairance of the Sants.*

" Dinna understand that the Sants are to persaivere in any particular kind of works, only in faith. As to works, the Sants ken better than to value themselves on them; *Satan often buffets the ailect*, tempting them to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; as to the lust of the flesh, I wonna say that the *Sants* dinna *indulge in them as much as other folks*, but then what dis it signify what they do with their impure bodies, so that they

they keep the sowls pure from unbelief; but as the backslidings of the Sants are a stumbling block to the wicked, I coonsel all that ken themselves to be of the ailect, to *keep among their ain number. Why should not the lambs of God play together?* But as the persaivairance of the Sants dis na mean an abstaimiousness fra natural plasurs, which would be impossible for frail creatures; neither dis it mean a renunciation of the advantages of siller; siller is a very convenient thing and gratifies many of our wants, and the Sants may enjoy any gratification they please, provided they persaivere in the faith. Property is at present very unequally divided, and far be it fra me to condemn those who try to correct its inequality. If the inhabitants of Portland Place and Bedford Square, just by here, ha maire than many of their neighbours, I can see na harm in these neighbours in trying to get some of it in their ain possession. There was a time when the Sants had in this island amaist got

got the land and siller into their ain hands, where it ought to be. These were the glorious days when the independents triumphed. These were the days that the solemn league and coovenant, the glory of the seceders, independants, and levellers of property, and rank, and dignity flourished. May we never hope to see the days again when Bishops, Lords, and Kings shall be no more?—" He hardly uttered the last words, when a blow from an English sailor, indignant at hearing an abuse of that name for which he had often loyally fought, compelled the preacher to descend, and induced him to escape, thereby anticipating the constable, who was advancing to take him into custody. The persevering Saint slipping through the croud, made the best of his way to Upper Newman Street, to lodgings of an *elect lady*, whom he had convinced that she was one of the persevering Saints who had felt the efficacy of irresistible grace. Fearing to be pursued, he begged for a place of concealment, which she

she kindly got for him, and returned to a visitant, who, after spending some hours in conversation with her, proposed calling the preacher, as there could be now no danger of his being discovered. He entertained them and instructed them with an account of his discourse, all of which much pleased them both. And the gentleman on hearing that part respecting the inequality of property, shook him by the hand, and swore he was one of the most sensible, honest fellows he had ever met with, and was an honour to the cloth.

"I proceed now," said the preacher, to the practical improvement."

"No, by G—d," said the other, "I shall proceed to that myself;" and telling the ladies, for by this time another belonging to the same house had made one of the company, that he would be back about midnight, departed to take *an evening ride to Finchley Common.* The preacher past the evening in illustrating his conviction of the *uselessness of morality.*

Our

Our hero had paid some attention to the latter part of the discourse, and said, he was afraid, from the principles and conduct of the French revolutionists, that their example and efforts would propagate the absurd doctrines of equality, which that fellow, in the true spirit of secederism, had been promulgating. Wilson observed, that there was little danger that the French would be instrumental in propagating the pernicious *theology* of our Antinomian sectaries.

"That I admit," said Charles; "I am afraid theirs will be no theology at all; but I know this fellow, and had he seen me he must have recollected me; he was a cottager in the village of Tay Bank. I dare say you remember to have heard of a prank some other boys and I played on James Macfarlane?"

"What," said Wilson, "the psalm-singing weaver?"

"The same," said Charles. "I remember when I was last in the country, on enquiring

quiring about him, I heard he had been obliged to decamp privately, for picking my uncle's pocket when drunk. He might have been apprehended, but my uncle's good-nature would not suffer a prosecution. The fellow does not want talents, he used to be a great reader of the works of Boston, Isaac Ambrose, Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, Whitfield, and other adventurers in fanaticism. From his ingenuity and learning he has been able to frame or adopt a theory consistent with his own practice."

The two gentlemen now returned to Mr. Probe's, and had the happiness to learn that their new acquaintance was very composed and exhibited no symptoms of a fever, but that he had expressed a desire to see no one but the surgeon, and had sent to his lodgings an account of the accident, and a desire that a gentleman whom he mentioned should be informed of it, if he came to town, and directed thither. Mr. Probe said, he thought it was unnecessary for the gentlemen to confine themselves, as he

he made no doubt, but the gentleman would be able to go out by Tuesday, at farthest. Douglas had ordered dinner at the inn, and requested Mr. Probe's company, to which he consented, and at the same time obtained a promise from both the gentlemen to be his guests the first day he could appoint. While Mr. Probe joined the two friends in walking to the inn, his servant, running after him, told him that the wounded gentleman wanted to see him. On his return, he told them that he had asked him whether he might safely write a few lines of a letter, and that he had advised him not, as it might hurt his arm. Mr. Probe's real reason for opposing this exertion was, that he apprehended, as he had in great agitation asked if his deliverer was gone, that he intended it for Douglas. He had afterwards asked the surgeon if he knew Douglas's place of residence, of which he informed him, having had it from our hero himself. Charles's anxiety and emotion increased. On the last intimation he fell into a reverie,

a reverie, his thoughts being totally absorbed on the contents of the intended letter. Rousing himself, however, he endeavoured to atone for his absence of mind, by redoubling his attention to his guests, and after they had enjoyed themselves over a glass of good wine, Mr. Probe returned to his patient, and Mr. Wilson, mounting his horse, rode home, but previously made an appointment to meet our hero at Mr. Probe's the following Saturday. Charles promised to ride out with him on the Sunday to Hendon. The next morning, although Douglas heard that the wounded gentleman still continued to recover, yet, as he understood he declined seeing him, he resolved to go home, in the anxious expectation of hearing from his new acquaintance, though not without fears that the tidings might be unpleasing. Dr. Vampus and the family congratulated him on his escape, and also loudly praised his prowess, of which they had that morning received a very high account, from a messenger

senger from Bow Street, who had been there to request his attendance the next day, to confirm the account he had given the officers the evening he had encountered the ruffians.

The folllowing morning the Doctor accompanied him to the public office, where he found a gentleman engaged in examining witnesses on a subject different from that on account of which he was called. He was particularly struck with the magistrate's countenance, which expressed, at once, vigour and sagacity of understanding, integrity and firmness of heart. His questions were such, and put in such a manner, as to exhibit, not merely *official experience*, but a PROFOUND INSIGHT INTO THE HUMAN CHARACTER. Observations and enquiries that, to superficial observers, appeared to have no affinity to the question, were immediately perceived by our hero to have a most direct and effectual tendency to elucidate the matter. Hearing from the Doctor the gentleman's name, Charles immediately knew him to be

one whose character for integrity and vigour of conduct, for natural force of understanding, rank very high, and who, he had heard from many, and particularly from counsellors of the first eminence, was deeply conversant in Civil Law, and as accurately acquainted with Criminal Law as any man in the kingdom. The matter then before him was a burglary into the house of a widow lady, from whom a great quantity of plate was stolen. Some circumstances occurred to implicate the servant-maid as an accomplice, that person was brought before the Justice—the magistrate, at first, did not dwell on questions respecting the robbery, but in an apparently jocular manner, asked her some questions concerning her sweatheart, or sweethearts, and particularly whether a person that called upon her on Sunday evening visited her on the footing of a lover; she strenuously declared he did not. The person was also produced, who, being interrogated, made the same declaration. He being sent into another

another room, the magistrate made a remark, which Dr. Vampus immediately whispered our hero, was not to the point. Said he, "I think, my girl, after having seen this person, that every one here present will agree with me, that it would be paying a very poor compliment to your taste to believe this man to be in your good graces. You are really a fine comely girl, and that is one of the shabbiest, meanest-looking fellows I ever saw."

"I don't think so, by no means, Sir," said she, bridling, and evidently hurt.

The Justice found, and our hero saw, that the question, of which he had immediately perceived the object, had produced the desired effect, and that the answer ascertained they were lovers. Having this clue, Mr. Penetrate found a way to other discoveries that unfolded the whole transaction. The gallant of this hopeful fair was fully committed, in due time to meet his deserts. The two ruffians whom our hero and Wilson had wounded,

Wilson being now arrived, were identified by both. Besides, one of their old accomplices swore that, in company with him and another, they had committed various robberies, for two of which, one on Finchley Common, and the other beyond Edmonton, they were both identified, together with their associate, by the persons who had been robbed. Our hero expressed his hopes that, as there were abundance of other evidence against them, it would be unnecessary for his friend and him to appear; to which the Justice answered, "Young gentlemen, neither of you can be evidences that they *attempted a robbery against you*; by your own account you attacked them; from the best and most gallant motives, every one must see. The direct proof of that robbery rests, I perceive, with Mr. Dudley, whom you saved. I sent this morning to enquire if Mr. Dudley could attend; but I find, from his surgeon's note, that it will not be prudent for him to venture out for some days. It

It is not, however, very material, as there is so strong and direct testimony against the men, on account of other depredations."

" Pray, Sir," said our hero, with an agitation that even Dr. Vampus observed, " is Dudley the name of the gentleman that was wounded?"—He was answered, that it was.

Charles soon after left the office, taking a coach, and made the best of his way to Mr. Probe's: that gentleman being with a patient in the neighbourhood, our hero was shewn into the drawing room, by the servant, who told him that he would go and fetch his master. In the drawing room he was, in a few minutes, joined by an elderly gentleman, whom he had never seen, who eagerly taking him by the hand, warmly thanked him as the gallant preserver of the life of his brave and valuable friend, Lieut. Dudley. He is a noble young fellow," said he, " and will one day manifest the worth of the life you have saved with his gratitude to his preserver.

There are reasons of peculiar delicacy and importance which, at present, preclude the propriety not only of an interview, but even of an epistolary intercourse. I trust they will, ere long, be entirely removed. I must farther beg, that all conversation on the subject may be waved."

"May I merely," said our hero, with very great emotion, "ask one question? What age is Mr. Dudley?"

"Every thing," said the other, "will soon be solved to your satisfaction."

"How soon?"

"I should apprehend in ten days," said he, on looking at a note which happening to drop. Our hero, out of politeness, snatching it up, returned it to him, but not before the hand-writing of Mr. Advance, the agent, caught his eye; a circumstance that increased his idea that there subsisted a near connection between Dudley and one, concerning whose present place of residence Mr. Advance might, from his official situation, be applied to, for information

mation. The old gentleman, whose name was Nevil, was very much delighted with the appearance and deportment of Douglas, and also with the few remarks which his anxiety suffered him to make. Mr. Probe, strongly seconded by Mr. Nevil, having prevailed on our hero to spend the evening there, and sleep in his former apartment at the inn, where Nevil also took up his abode for the night, next morning, after breakfast, walked to town, and called, as he said, *en passant*, to pay his respects to his father's agent, Mr. Advance. After some conversation, Mr. Advance asked him if he knew a Mr. Nevil.

"Nevil," said our hero, "who, or what is he?"

Advance, not attending to the evasion, told him he really did not know, but that the morning before he had written him a very polite note, requesting the favour of Colonel Douglas's address, which he had, of course, sent him. Two or three military gentlemen coming into the office, Mr.

Advance said no more on the subject, but requested Charles to go up stairs into the drawing room, and that he would join him in a short time; there he found Mrs. Advance, who received him with very great cordiality, although, on recollection, she said, she was *excessive* angry with him, for being engaged the preceding Wednesday, when she had asked him to a most delightful party, where he would have met with elegance, wit, knowledge, and sense. The lady herself possessed that species, or, rather, quality, of understanding which is usually denominated *shrewdness*. Although she often made herself ridiculous by an attempted assumption of the manners of high life, yet, amidst the foolish vanity that produced it, her conversation was frequently agreeable, and often even intelligent, but although Mrs. Advance had a sharp understanding, her manners and dialect were those that marked her education to have been among the lower order of the inhabitants of London, or the neighbourhood,

bourhood, her language was of that sort which ordinarily distinguishes *cockneys*. Her early years had been spent in that sort of society which tended to make its disciples at once vulgar and petulant; at a later period she had been raised to a higher situation, but, although she was not without some appearance of the deportment belonging to her recent condition, still the *cloven foot never failed to appear; there was a flowering of fashion upon a* VERY BROAD *ground-work of vulgarity*. Her own vanity, and, indeed, arrogance, rendered her deficiencies the object of much keener observation, and more satyrical remark, than they might have excited if accompanied with the humility, at least, diffidence, which propriety required, from one of her scanty accomplishments. Characters are in a great degree, unless to minds of extraordinary force, the result of situation, and before we condemn a character, candour would induce us to advert to the

circumstances by which it may have been affected.

Mrs. Advance was the daughter of an inhabitant of a village near London, who presided over one of those places of public resort called tea-gardens; places not peculiarly distinguished either as scenes of elegant manners, or moral conduct; places which, though most obviously the scenes of deviations from the *fourth* commandment, often lead to the breach of the SEVENTH, and not unfrequently of the *eighth*. There the young lady received the principal part of her education, and was, by no means, unused to company. At the bar on all days, and at the Sunday ordinary, at two o'clock, she saw the journeyman, and the attorney's clerk, who, emancipated from the plodding cares of the week, aspired to be wits and gentlemen, and the more experienced tradesman, who tried to be a grave and wise philosopher and politician; but as at the table there was, owing to the presence of such venerable personages as we have last mentioned,

tioned, often a formality and restraint on the freedoms of juvenile conversation, she was not without amends in the evening. Then, leaving to her venerable mother the *bar*, would she repair to the *boxes*, carrying, in her fair hands, the strong Burton ale, and patriotically promoting the manufactures of her country, *the home-brewed* brandy and rum, or the sparkling syllabub, in which, the wine was not more *exotic* than the milk, would she receive the soft delicate praises of Mr. Hotgoose, the brilliant jokes of Mr. Suborn, with the delicate squeezes of Mr. Anvil, and the elegantly familiar slaps of the festive Mr. Cleaver, on that part of her person which so naturally suggested to the youth a simile taken from a professional object, saluted by the pleasing and well-known appellation of Buxom Nan; while the happy youths, exulting in the pleasure of her sparkling eyes, and of which, each, from her private protestations, believed himself the cause, instead of the sum that would have been

the reward of a male attendant, with an unprecedented generosity, bestowed on the fair object of their wish, four of those *coins which issue from the Birmingham mint.* In such pleasing occupations, smoothly and sweetly, passed the time of Nancy on that day of the week which frees the anxious debtor from the fear of bailiffs; on other days, when business was less pressing, the time was devoted by her excellent and exemplary mother to parties, feasting, and cards; amusements, at which several worthy *officers of the guards*, who, though *without commissions*, were fully as useful as those that have them, would often relax themselves from the fatigues of drilling.

Thus Miss Nancy, all the days of the week, was accustomed to company, either civil or military, nor was she deficient in those accomplishments and graces which add so much to the charms of beauty. She could sing the tender and impassioned song which would so enchant the halberted heroes as to make them forget, for a time, not only the

woes

woes and dangers of war, but the much more laborious and tiresome preceptorial duties of the Bird-cage Walk; she could also, with heart and glee, interweave in the sprightly dance; so much had she profited by the instructions (instructions of which love sweetened the toil) of a professor of the art, who, not confining the exertion of his skill to one place, went from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet; so expanded and comprehensive was the benevolence which induced him to impart the graces of motion.

Miss Nancy happened, about the age of twenty, to attract the attention of a gentleman of a higher rank, in the same profession, than the military acquaintances whom we have mentioned, and he became her particular friend. From his company and conversation she, naturally quick, derived considerable improvement; her progress in self-importance being still much more rapid, she left off most of her former

acquaintances

acquaintances and employments, never more condescending to carry the hot rolls across the garden green, seldom even paying any attention to the highly-prized compliments of Mr. Cleaver, and other young beaux of the tea-garden. About the same time her aspiring mind carried her to form more elevated connections among her own sex; the grocer and fruiterer's daughter's were now totally abandoned, and with reason: Miss Nancy had become extremely intimate with the daughter of a lady that kept an eminent chop-house in the west end of the town, frequented, as Miss Nancy said, not by such low fellows as Anvil and Staytape, but by gentlemen. Mr. Advance, a man of sensibility and honour, frequently dined and spent his evenings at that house, was captivated by the charms of Miss Nancy, and, overlooking, in the agreeable face and desirable person of the young lady, defects of language and manners which much less sense and knowledge than his would have discovered,

discovered, if not under the influence of passion, he offered her his heart and hand. Of both she professed to accept, and of the latter with great truth, as they were, in a few days, married. This was a very important and advantageous change to Miss, as, from being the bar-maid of an alehouse, she became the wife of a gentleman of a most respectable character, in an excellent situation, which his general and professional abilities and conduct peculiarly qualified him to improve. As good and evil frequently depend on comparison, Mrs. Advance considered the late change of her situation as an aggrandizement; as to her it certainly was, and finding herself as the wife of Mr. Advance, a considerable army agent, as in a much higher condition than as Nancy Stingo, *the scorer of tankards of ale*, she drew a very erroneous conclusion, that she was equally superior to those with whom she now consorted, and very inconsistently with the good sense she possessed, though perfectly consistent with

with her original vulgarity of manners, joined to an anxious desire of concealing that origin, she assumed very important airs; she wished to take a lead in fashionable amusements, but finding that not only Nancy Stingo, but even Mrs. Advance, would not be permitted to preside in public places, she became very desirous of promoting private assemblies and balls, and found means to take a direction.

Her deportment, at such meetings, was that which might be expected from original meanness and vulgarity, prompted by vanity to seek a consequence, and distinction, to which they were so little entitled. She talked loud, put on airs of great importance, strutted up and down with a sweep, which the large circumference of a part of her person, distinguished for size*

* According to 'Squire Western's description of his Cousin Bellaston's dimensions. Mrs. Advance, though not much like a lady of 'quality in her general appearance, resembled *that* lady of quality in rotundity.—*Tom Jones*, Book XVII. Chap. III.

more

more than any other part of person, for any other quality, rendered prominently conspicuous. She and her friends must lead and call the dances. Nan Stingo, forsooth, must *bear the bell* now, as she had been *accustomed to answer the bell.* As her office of Lady President was of *her own creation,* her exercise of it was by no means relished by the companies in which she was pleased to invest herself with directorial authority. There can be no worse policy for a person with any noted defect either of rank or character than dictatorial arrogance; pride combines with justice, in treating such with severity, and in bringing forward the defect. Unassuming manners might have confined the thoughts of the company to Mrs. Advance, but *presumption conjured up before them Nan Stingo.* They might have respected the quality of the gentleman's wife, but the men regarded with contempt, the women with indignation, the insolence of *a promoted bar-maid.* Although

though we say the men, we do not say *all* the men, as there were several gentlemen who *perfectly* coincided with Mr. Advance in his taste, though they might not have observed the same line of conduct. One of her chief admirers and gallants, both at balls and more private meetings, was Mr. Cachagee, whom we before mentioned. She, indeed, entertained so high an opinion of that gentleman, that she thought he was one of the fittest companions for her husband, to whom she introduced him as a *wery* clever *feller*; a man of the *most politest* manners. Advance really found him *a dashing fellow*, with a great knowledge of the town. Mrs. Advance declared that she thought there was a very striking resemblance between Cachagee and her husband, a resemblance, by no means obvious, either in their figure, or in their conversation and manners; in what particulars the fancy or experience of Mrs. Advance discovered the likeness it is impossible for us to determine;

mine; as she saw them often together, as well as *apart*, she was most likely to have the means of judging. Mr. Cachagee was a very great favourite with her, partly, she said, because, like her husband, but still more, because Mr. Advance was very fond of him: she knew, she said, Mr. Advance to be the best and worthiest man in the world, and was extremely partial to all whom he liked. Indeed, to judge through the medium of these his lady's sentiments, as explained by herself, he must have been a man of most unbounded philanthropy. Defective as Mrs. Advance was, in point of manners and education, yet, by some force, and much greater versatility of talents, she could render herself extremely agreeable to whatsoever persons were the objects of her affections, (including her husband's favourites as above-mentioned,) could gratify her vanity, or promote her interest. Our hero she considered in all these three lights; as the son of an officer, highly useful to her husband, she thought

thought it her interest to bestow attention on him; as an elegant, accomplished youth, she thought her parties graced by his company; her husband, she knew, both had, on his father's account, and his own, a very great liking for him, and, according to her rule, she could not fail to have the same, nor was she deficient in that duty. She, indeed, had often wished to make this young favourite of her husband sensible of the attachment she felt for him. Whatever sentiments he might have formed on the subject, yet he had never given her any ground to believe that it had made the impression on him which might have been expected from a grateful heart. Thinking it her duty to entertain him agreeably, in the absence of her husband, she began to celebrate the praises of his father, a subject on which he heard her with great delight. After expatiating on the goodness of his understanding and heart, and his friendship to her dear Mr. Advance, she proceeded to his external qualifications,

qualifications, declaring, that though he was near six-and-thirty before she was old enough to remember, (by which account she could not have had use of her memory till she was six-and-twenty, as the Colonel was then but fifty-two,) and was the finest man that she had *then* ever seen, though, she said, he must before have been still more charming, when the *bloom of youth added to the beauty of his face and person*; that she never saw any one man, so exact an image of another, as he was of his father: this she illustrated by a detail of the features, height, limbs, walk, attitudes, strength, agility, and grace of each. While she was going on, in this manner, Mr. Advance entered the room, and, a few minutes after, Mr. Cachagee. Soon after the first compliments, Cachagee proposed a walk in the Park, and whilst Mrs. Advance was getting ready for that purpose, he passed many severe censures on the Minister's convention with Spain, declaring it was disgraceful for the nation

to suffer such ministers as the present. "However," he said, "I have not the smallest doubt of a speedy change; indeed it is pretty confidently reported that his Majesty has at length resolved, that both internal and external politics shall be managed in a different manner. It is, I am told, certainly fixed, that Mr. ——— is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"I believe, indeed, (said Mr. Advance, smiling,) in that case, *affairs would be managed in a* VERY *different way.*"

"The first man that ever existed," proceeded Cachagee; "a man, superior to Demosthenes for eloquence, to Cæsar for strength of mind, to Homer for genius, to Aristotle for profound philosophy; and my own particular friend ——— is to be Secretary for Foreign Affairs; then may we expect the true maxims of liberty to prevail; then the nation to be governed with real wisdom; then may we expect to fraternize with the glorious revolutionists of France; that enlightened, that admirable people, whose object is the Rights

Rights of Man, and whose guide is reason; who have overcome all prejudice, destroyed all the absurdities of rank and title, which dazzled weak minds. Indeed, I do not think that, in any country, or in any circumstances, there can be a more certain proof of silliness, and even stupidity, than to value a man merely because he is a lord, or a duke, or *to esteem one's self* one whit the more *for being taken notice of by such persons.* Among the many other blessings of the glorious change, which, on the 14th of July, 1789, commenced, is the expulsion of religious faith, and such nonsense. As to myself, I never believed in any of the stuff that I professed to consent to when a matriculated *journeyman*, student I mean, at Aberdeen; but I never saw its absurdity altogether in its just light until I had read that most beneficial writer, sound and conclusive reasoner, Rousseau, and that equally beneficial and still more profound philosopher, Voltaire."——

"Voltaire is, indeed," Mr. Cachagee proceeded, "in my opinion, if possible, before

before Rousseau himself. What an admirable observation that of his is, about the facility of pulling down our established superstitions. Could not, says the sage, five or six men of talents, by steady and vigorous co-operation, undo what was done by twelve (I use his own energetic language) scoundrels?"

Mr. Advance replied, that he was not so conversant in the writings of those two persons as to enter on the detail of their sentiments and principles, but that he had heard them very severely censured by men of great learning and ability, and that he himself, without pretending to be either, yet, as a man of common understanding, and impressed with the sense and importance of the Christian religion, could not but reprobate the blasphemous ribaldry which his friend had quoted from Voltaire.

"You are quite wrong, my dear Advance," said Cachagee, "the best and wisest men totally disbelieve Christianity. Do you think —— or —— or —— believe in the gospel?"

"Most

"Most likely they do not," said Advance, "but what is that to the purpose? In the first place, I by no means think them the best or wisest of men. I think neither the stews, tavern, nor gaming-table the most likely places in which to find consummate wisdom and goodness; but if they were the best and wisest of men, I must admit more than these extraordinary qualities, their *infallibility*, before I implicitly receive a doctrine on their authority."—"Take *my* word for it," says Cachagee, "you are wrong, Advance. I must take your word for your position, if I admit it all, as you offer no argument."—"I assure you," says the other, "that not the persons only I mentioned, but *all* persons of genius that I know, except the few of that description that depend on the court or church, (for WE," continued Jemmy Cachagee, "HAVE GOT THE GENIUS among US,) of both sexes, think in the same way. Have you never read the writings of that most exalted of human beings,

Mrs. Wollstonecroft? Although she does not agree with Rousseau, in every particular, yet she perfectly coincides with his religious principles; nay, my own dear friend, Laura Maria, who, since the cruel Gifford has expelled her from rhyme, gives her still no less valuable thoughts and sentiments to the public in prose, a few evenings ago was so delighted with my account of the good done to the world by the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire, that she copied it *into her common place-book*, declaring, it would make a most shining passage in a novel; she was then writing in favour of the new lights of France."

The entrance of chocolate causing some little pause, Jemmy, who had a very exquisite pleasure in hearing the sound of his own voice, that issued out in that *acute accent* which distinguishes the Caledonians of Buchan, and Strathbogie from the *grave* accentuators of the west and north, and the *circumflex* pronouncers of the Highlands of Perthshire, began to inform

inform the gentlemen how he had spent that month.

"I was," says he, "down on a shooting party with my intimate friend the Duke of Marshal; his grace is, indeed, extremely fond of me, and, though I wished much to come to town, would not part with me. Besides myself, Charles was there, and Drury, young Kensington, Earl Dutchspung, Cockchicken, Earl Shortnose, the Duke of Junius, and other men of rank and talents. You cannot imagine, gentlemen, on what a familiar footing *I* am with all the great men. *I* one evening playing at whist with the three dukes, first Drury and *I* against Marshal and Junius, afterwards *I* was Marshal's partner; indeed, I am as familiar with them all in town as in the country. You may often see me, in Piccadilly, arm in arm with Lord Yarrow, Drury, Shortnose, and almost all of our set. They are *all* men of the highest talents. Young Kensington will be equal to any of them; he is, indeed, a most

promising youth, and, in point of *political* and MORAL principles, and conduct, will, I doubt not, shew himself worthy of the illustrious *founder* of his family; of the illustrious statesman with whom he is connected, and of the pure, patriotic, and virtuous party which he has embraced. I was obliged to steal away from them, but expect them all in town in a week; by the 10th of October."

Mrs. Advance being now ready for walking came into the room, and requested our hero to be of the party, but he declined; so that, as Mr. Advance was engaged in his office, she was reduced to the alternative of either foregoing her walk, or being escorted by Mr. Cachagee alone; but, being of a social disposition, she chose the latter. After their departure, Mr. Advance, although he expresses his approbation of the talents and dispositions of Cachagee, he repeated his declaration of his total dissent from both his political and religious sentiments and notions. He added,

"although

"although James professed to be a great enemy to rank and title, I know no one who is more vain of the notice of lords and dukes." Our hero assented to this remark, as he had, indeed, himself before made the same.—After some immaterial conversation; Douglas took his leave, and went home.

Our hero waited with impatience for the Saturday, as he was engaged, on that day, to dine with Mr. Probe, and was in hopes of meeting again with Mr. Nevil. Accordingly, when the day arrived, he made the best of his way to Somer's Town, where he found a note from Mr. Nevil, informing him that Dudley was so well as to be able to accompany him to his seat, near Guildford, whence they would return in about a week, and that Mr. Nevil would then pay his respects to Mr. Douglas, at Dr. Vampus's. Mr. Probe and he were soon joined by Wilson; after spending the day very pleasantly, and sleeping at the inn, they next morning

set off, very early, on their projected excursion to Hendon, having, as was before said, agreed to return to dine at the ordinary, at the Bull and Bush, near Hampstead. Having breakfasted at Hendon, Wilson went to pass an hour with his sister, while our hero amused himself with contemplating the rural prospects with which that country abounds. Taking the path that leads from Hendon church to Mill Hill, he had walked about a quarter of a mile, when, happening to turn his eyes on a field to his right hand, he beheld an object that struck him much more powerfully than any of those he had been beholding.

At some distance he perceived a young lady, of a most elegant and graceful figure, walking slowly, and intent, seemingly, on a book which she held in her hand. From the remote view he had of her face, he conceived her to be no less beautiful than elegant. While he was meditating a circuitous walk into the field, where she was, that

that he might appear an accidental passenger, he perceived a gentleman coming up to her, at the sight of whom he saw her quicken her pace towards the village. The man endeavoured to retain her first by solicitations, but, finding them ineffectual, caught hold of her; she, in a voice that expressed at once fear and indignation, desired him to release her. As they were, by this time, very near that part of the hedge through which our hero was gazing at the lady, he heard whatever was said. The young man very earnestly entreated her to accompany him, swearing his whole fortune was at her disposal; she expressed the most indignant contempt both for him and his fortune. The youth swore that then he must make the best use of the present time, and was actually proceeding to violent rudeness, when our hero sprang over the ditch to the assistance of the insulted lady.

Douglas, collaring the young man, threw him, with great violence and force, on

the ground, and, turning to the young lady, offered her his services in conducting her to her place of abode, which, he said, he presumed was in the neighbourhood; she, in the utmost confusion, muttered out her great obligation to his assistance.

Douglass stood gazing, with the most eager admiration, on a face and countenance the most lovely and interesting he had ever beheld. She appeared to be about seventeen years of age, somewhat above the middling height, formed not only in exact symmetry but exquisite delicacy. The tapering, elegant, proportion of her arms, denoted that her limbs were finely formed; an opinion, which the ease, agility, and grace of her mien confirmed. Her auburn hair flowed down in beautiful and luxuriant ringlets; the contour of her face was oval, her forehead inclined to be high, her eyebrows were, full, even, and arched; her eyes, adorned by long eyelashes, were of a lovely blue, beamed with intelligence, and sparkled with a spirit, of which

which the expression was happily blended by glistening sensibility and softness; her nose was a little aquiline, her lips were red, moist, and pouting; her mouth, which was exquisitely charming, was graced with two rows of ivory; her cheeks were embellished by captivating dimples, which joined with the sweetness of her smile in adding interest to beauty; her complexion had, generally, rather more of the lilly than rose, but, at present, from agitation, glowed with a colour which no vermillion could equal: the expression of her countenance was as engaging and impressive as her face was beautiful; her temper, disposition, and understanding, playing on her mouth and cheeks, and shining in her eyes, bestowed on her visage an interesting impressiveness which no mere regularity of features can confer. Although the most prominent character of her face was bewitching softness, yet was it mixed with an expression of dignified sentiments, brilliant and vigorous intellect. Nor was her face a false index of

her mind, as we trust the perfect acquaintance with her character, which we shall convey to the readers, will evince.

The young lady having somewhat recovered from her confusion, and having lifted her eyes and caught a glance of our hero's face, relapsed into her agitation. She was convinced that she had seen him before, and, indeed, that she knew his family, connections, and name; nor was Charles without an idea that he had seen the young lady, although he could not immediately recollect who she was. Prompted by his gallantry to protect a lady till out of danger, and by a sentiment he felt, much more powerful than gallantry, to protect that lady, he urged her to suffer him to accompany her home; she accepted his offer, and, being hardly able to walk, from her tremor, she, with reluctance, consented to lean on his arm. Meanwhile the man, who had insulted her, having recovered the use of his legs, but smarting with pain, and enraged with disappoint-

disappointment, determined, if possible, on revenge, and, seeing the attention of his antagonist to be totally engrossed by the young lady, coming softly behind him, levelled a blow at our hero's head, which, had it taken the full effect, must have felled him to the ground. Most fortunately, not having been dexterously aimed, it lighted on his shoulder; our hero turned about, and quitting the young lady, begging her not to be alarmed, grappled with the villain, and, at one blow, with his Herculean fist, flattened his nose, and, at a second, drove two of his teeth down his throat, and might have mauled him still more, had not a third knocked him down. Meanwhile the young lady, alarmed for her deliverer, called to a gentleman that had just entered the field, who arrived at the scene of battle when the finishing blow was given; when, surveying the young lady, who, unable to support herself, had sat down on a bank, he, with infinite surprize and anxiety,

exclaimed, "God of heaven, Isabella! what means all this;" and, in the person of the conqueror, saw his friend Douglas. For this was Wilson, who, having called at Mrs. Goodwill's, and stopt some time to converse with her, had come out in quest of his sister. Miss Wilson told him how much indebted she was to that gentleman, and our hero related the particulars, when Wilson told her that this was his friend Douglas, an unnecessary piece of information, as she perfectly recognized the young gentleman. Douglas, turning to the villain, and, seeing him still prostrate on the ground, was afraid the consequences might be such as, though the law would immediately acquit him, he would not be cleared from them by his own conscience. He requested Miss Wilson's smelling bottle, and by that, and chaffing the fellow's temples, Wilson and he, in a short time, brought him to his senses, and, at last, to his legs. Viewing his face, they discovered him to be Theodore Dip, that young gentleman

tleman-tallow-chandler, whose insolence, some years before, Charles had so severely and deservedly punished. The effects, however, of the present bruising were likely to be more serious and permanent. Douglas, both to secure him and have his wounds dressed, resolved to take him to the village, where he understood from the young lady there was an apothecary; meanwhile he begged Miss Wilson's permission to enquire at Mrs. Goodwill's how she was, as soon as he had disposed of Dip. They now parted, Wilson and his sister to go home, Douglas with his captive for the village. The apothecary being from home, our hero was directed to the barber of the place, who, it seems, knew something of wounds, and was, besides, in office as Constable. Douglas was so fortunate as to find this personage at home, expounding the politics of the times to the blacksmith, who, having just undergone the weekly operation of shaving, was engaged in the much more tedious work of weekly ablution. To this worthy chirurgion,

gion, magistrate, and politician, our hero committed Mr. Dip, earnestly hoping and requesting that his political cares might not interfere with his medical and executorial functions. The barber answered, "I never neglects business for any thing, but who, as I tells them at our club, can be unconcerned at the present kerises and hemergency, we *is* now no longer barberas like our hancestors, we now knows what's what; we reads the Gazetteer, and the Morning Post, and Morning Chronicle, and Dr. Price's Sarments; not as we of our club sets great store by sarments, unless they be *of the right sort*, against Bishops and Kings, and for liberty and equality, and Dr. Priestley's *paper-books*,* he is the man of the true light. He says as how there is a gun-powder plot that will blow up the church."

"What! Mr. Barber, I'm afraid you are not orthodox," said our hero.

"Horthodok! no, d——n me, no; I'm

* Meaning, perhaps, pamphlets.

one

one of your *Tarians*, as I tells our Mr. Stave, the clark."

"Tarians! who are they?" says Douglas.

"I can't say as how I knows much who they be, but Dr. Priestley is all for them; and I swears by him, I be one of your *haretics*, by jingo I be—I be none of your ignorants that minds parsons, and all that there d——d stuff. I be one of your *losophers*."

Our hero not being disposed for controversy with this sage, after reminding him of his charge, departed.

The Unitarian barber imputing his going away to a conscious inability to contend with him, and turning with exultation to his friends, said, "That's a fine young man as is gone, but he would not venture to hargufy with me. I knows I be a genus, and thinks if I was to take to write books I could do as well as the best of them. Did not Tom Craft, the shoe-maker, take to writing story books and play books, against priests,

priests, nobles, and kings, and them sort of people, all out of his own head, without any larning? and a barber is as likely to be a good writer as a shoe-maker."

His friends making no answer to the last remark, as, indeed, it was indisputably true, he recollected his patient and charge.

Douglas set off to Mrs. Goodwill's, for which he had enquired the direction, partly with a view to consult with Wilson concerning what was to be done with Dip, and partly to ask for the young lady, for whom he felt himself very warmly interested. He was very kindly received by Mrs. Goodwill, who had heard of the service which he had rendered her favourite Isabella; and the account she had received from the young lady herself, had bestowed on the youth warm praises, which shewed that she was at least grateful.

CHAP. III.

Isabella's Reception of her Deliverer—Causes that increased her Gratitude—Description of our Hero's Face and Person—Self-importance of wealthy Vulgarity, and 'Squire Dip and his Lady's Visit to Dr. Vampus—The Efficacy of *booing*, and the Wants it may Supply.

WILSON informed our hero that he had learned, from his sister, the whole circumstances of Dip's conduct. He had, it seems, some weeks before, met her at a ball, and from that time had professed himself her admirer, but she, by no means liking his appearance or manners, had rejected his addresses, even whilst she conceived them to be honourable; and as she had done so, had thought it unnecessary, and, indeed, indelicate, to mention her rejection; but he had found means repeatedly to meet her when walking or visiting, although she had always most explicitly

plicitly assured him that his pursuits would never be successful. Some days before, when Mrs. Goodwill was abroad, he had found means to be admitted into the garden where she was walking, and he had strenuously urged her to go off with him in a chaise, which, he said, he had ready in the adjoining lane. Having answered the proposal with disdain, he endeavoured to force her out at the back door, but her shrieks alarming the family, he had left her and disappeared; that she had not seen him afterwards till that morning, when Mr. Douglas so fortunately came to her assistance. Both Douglas and Wilson having known Dip at college to be a worthless unprincipled debauchee, suspected his intentions to have been worse from the beginning than he had expressed, or the young lady had imagined. Wilson easily saw from his sister's countenance and manner of speaking that Dip was totally indifferent to her, and happened to mention that circumstance. Douglas could not help feeling

ing delight, although he endeavoured to account to himself for it, from his conviction of the demerit of the fellow, who was by no means worthy of the affections of so lovely a girl. The two gentlemen having agreed to stay dinner, Mrs. Goodwill proposed a walk in the garden, where they found Isabella with her little pupils, the Misses Goodwills. She attempted to thank our hero, but coloured and blushed, and performed that office with confusion and aukwardness. The failure of her expression was far from being owing to deficiency of feeling. She felt herself very much indebted to his gallant interference, nor were her sentiments in his favour confined to gratitude for that day's efforts. She entertained a very high opinion of his general merit. She had often heard her mother expatiate on the generosity of his conduct respecting her son, when both were boys; a generosity that the more deeply impressed the widow's heart, as she had been frequently exposed to sneer and insult, on account

count of that poverty with which the mean upstart Dip reproached her boy. Isabella often saw Douglas, in whose favour she had been prepossessed and whose commendations she daily heard from her brother. She could not but perceive that the excellencies attributed to him were combined with great beauty of face and person; and by the time she had reached her fifteenth year had begun very tenderly to feel the force of his qualifications. About that time he had left college, and, soon after, had come to England. During upwards of two years she had not seen him, but perfectly retained his image in her mind. About two months before the period at which we are now arrived, she had seen him from a coach, and her heart had felt the recognition. Douglas had not immediately recollected Miss Wilson; for although he thought her a very beautiful girl when he knew her in Edinburgh, yet she had not made an impression upon his heart sufficient to make him perfectly remember

member her, and, besides, her features had considerably improved, and she had increased very much in heighth. Our hero's countenance and figure had undergone but little change in that time, they were both somewhat more manly. Isabella thought him more charming than ever, and, indeed, although gratitude might operate on a tender female bosom, so powerfully as to exaggerate the charms of its object, our hero's personal appearance was such as to require no exaggeration. Douglas was now in the twenty-second year of his age; he was six feet and an inch high. This heighth, so far surpassing the common size, and so often joined with disproportion, feebleness, and aukwardness, served to render the symmetry, strength, and agility of his figure more conspicuous and striking. He was cast in such a mould as the Apollo of Belvedere. He rather inclined to be slender than full. The most prominent characteristics of his figure were exact proportion, elegance, and grace. But a more minute observation

observation shewed that the form, connection, and movements of his limbs indicated as much force as they displayed beauty. His forehead was high, and rather large, his head long, his hair was of a chesnut colour, his eye-brows were arched, his dark, hazle eyes were at once penetrating and thoughtful, sweet and brilliant. His nose was aquiline, his complexion was fair, yet manly; his countenance exhibited a bright and capacious understanding, benevolent and noble dispositions, and a firm resolute mind. In his visage and manners there was a considerables degree of sweetness, both were very interesting and engaging; yet was this sweetness tempered with a dignity which enhanced it by the contrast. Tenderness and sensibility forcibly displayed themselves in his looks, words, and actions. His voice was peculiarly grateful to the ear. His deportment was like that of his father, open, frank, and manly; at the same time interesting, impressive, and prepossessing. Such was the youth in whom

Isabella's

Isabella's heart combined the friend of her brother, the favourite of her mother, and her own deliverer. The more she thought of his conduct to herself the more did she feel her gratitude; the more she contemplated his merit, the more she felt a sentiment which she conceived to be admiration of excellence. Isabella was never eminent for that loquacity which so frequently distinguishes young ladies whose tongues, according to the hacknied metaphor from a horse-race, run fast because they carry little weight; before she spoke she employed a very unfashionable precaution—*she thought*; she was that day more reserved than usual, although her intelligent eyes shewed that she partook of the conversation. Mrs. Goodwill perceiving her silence, and wishing her to appear to advantage, gradually drew her into conversation. Douglas soon found that she was acquainted with the best English authors; had a correct and delicate taste, and had formed a just and accurate judgement of their

their general and appropriate merits. He observed, that she had a particular relish for the tender and pathetic, and, guided by her heart as well as her head, could distinguish between pretended and real pathos, between the gorgeous epithets of Laura Maria, Della Crusca, &c. and the simple and impressive exhibitions of passion, by writers of real genius. At the request of Mrs. Goodwill, strongly seconded by Douglas, she read the tale of Edwin and Angelina, and delighted our hero by her feeling and masterly execution; and afterwards completely enraptured him by the recital of the heart-piercing elegy of Jemmy Dawson. Time passed so imperceptibly with Charles, that Wilson was obliged to remind him that they must be in town that night, and that it was now eight o'clock. As it was so late they ordered a post-chaise, which, although the post-boy was not in the disposition to hasten, had to wait at the gate a full hour before our hero accompanied his friend. Wilson proposed

to

to enquire for Mr. Dip, a proposal to which our hero consented, although for the last three or four hours he had not remembered that there was such a being in existence. They accordingly drove to the house of the magistrate, politician, and philosopher, where they had left him, and found that the bird was flown, but could learn nothing farther than that the medical man and he had set off together to town, about half an hour after Douglas had left them, but could not then learn the cause of this hasty expedition. Wilson, while on the road, declared his determination to chastise Dip, as soon as he should have recovered the effects of our hero's just indignation. Douglas did not disapprove of this intention, but advised him not to send the fellow a challenge, as such a scoundrel did not deserve to be considered on the footing of a gentleman.—During the whole of their ride it will appear surprizing to some of our readers, Douglas did not once mention Miss Wilson to her brother,

and whether it was that he supposed himself to be less affected by her charms than he really was, or that, though deeply impressed with her qualifications, he doubted the probability of a return; or that, reflecting on the youth and circumstance of both parties, he considered passion as a dangerous indulgence to both, resolved, from prudence and honour, to avoid giving any intimation of his feelings, lest even indirect and circuitous conveyance might have an effect upon the young lady's heart; and Charles, without the imputation of vanity, might, from his own figure and accomplishments, the general admiration with which he knew he was regarded by the fair sex, conceive it likely that Isabella, if her heart was unengaged, and she thought him attached to her, would not regard him with indifference. But whatever was the reason he was totally silent on that subject; and, indeed, spoke very little on any other, and fell into so deep a reverie that he seemed altogether to have forgotten where he was,

whether

whether in company or alone, nor was he rouzed from it until the chaise stopped at the coffee-house where they were to sleep. There they soon went to bed, and early in the morning parted—Wilson taking his route towards Hyde Park Corner, Douglas crossing the river.

A few days after this, Charles was sitting in Dr. Vampus's parlour, reading Tom Jones, and was deeply engaged in that part of the first volume which describes the honourable efforts of the youth to conceal and conquer a passion which he apprehended would be, if gratified, injurious to its object, and displeasing to him whom he, of all, revered the most. He had entered, with sympathy, into the feelings of the generous foundling; he had eagerly devoured the chapter that contained the incident of the snatching of the muff from the flames; he had passed, unread, the account of the philosopher Square's frailty, a history that he usually perused with the greatest delight; gone

through the subsequent chapter with the greatest eagerness, and was arrived at that part in which Jones and Sophia meet at the canal, while his worthy friend, the Doctor, who knew concealment before him to be totally useless, was asking the opinion of his beneficent counseller, Christopher Smart, concerning the construction and translation of the *Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem*; an Ode, in which the distance of accusatives, verbs, and nominatives, bewilders not only masters of private academies, but even, sometimes, may be somewhat difficult to Eton or Westminster boys in the fourth form; when a servant, hastily entering, said there was a carriage at the gate.

Dr. Vampus, starting up, perceived from the window that it was a very showy chariot with gaudy liveries, he accordingly made the best of his way, with that simpering countenance with which he always received those whom a splendid carriage contained, and, after two or three of the

most

most humble BOWS to the persons in it, asking them to alight, he handed from it a lady arrayed in a full rose-coloured and white brocaded sattin sack and petticoat; with a black velvet bonnet trimmed with blue ribbands, a pair of paste drop earrings, and a blue sattin cloak, with a miniature picture set round with pearls, suspended by a row of garnets, from that part of her neck adjoining her double chin, that hung down like dewlaps; self-importance played upon her red eyebrows; conceit swelled her bloated cheeks, and pride curled her button nose. Having made to the Doctor *that sort of condescending curtsey which the little great bestow on their supposed inferiors*, to manifest, at once, the superiority of their rank, and of their manners; "I *persume*, Sir, you *be* Dr. Vampus."

"At your most humble service," said the Dr. with the true academic bow; humble and lowly like that of the renowned Simkin* when soliciting customers for his

* See Cecilia.

fleecy hosiery; a bow designed to compensate for deficiencies in talents and erudition, and often successful in atoning for their absence; so profound investigators are many parents and guardians of preceptorial qualifications; so able judges of the fitness of academicians to instruct the youth committed to their care. The efficacy of such bows, and their accompanyments, by some people distinguished by the name of cringing, is *in the inverse proportion* of the talents, liberality, and politeness, of the person addressed, and they are exceedingly delightful to the inferior orders, in rank, knowledge, and manners. The lady appeared very much pleased with Vampus's address, and paid him some of her best compliments; the gentleman also came in for his share of the Doctor's attention. This personage was a short lusty man, with a round face, enlarged and reddened by plentiful eating and drinking; little twinkling grey eyes, a smirking countenance, which often tried to assume solemnity, with remarkably short

short thighs and bandy legs; he wore a nicely frizzled wig, a bloom-coloured coat lined with crimson, a white sattin waistcoat, of which the extraordinary length of the pockets did not prevent the rotundity of his belly making his shirt appear above the waistband of his black plush breeches, which often served him for gloves.

While the Doctor was handing the lady up the steps the gentleman began to open his business, on which she turned to him: "How often must I *remember* you, that it is bad manners to be telling, at a door, what you are come about to a house; you ought not to speak till you gets into the drawing-room."

By the time they were ushered into that apartment, the gentleman, conceiving he might now utter his sentiments, taking hold of the Doctor by the button, said, "My spouse is one of your tip-top quality breeding; we must be on our P's and Q's before her; she knows more of meaners, and them their sort of things, than most

people. You would wonder, if you knew how much I'm come on in gentility since we lived in ————." A wink from his wife, an intimation he never disregarded, prevented him from proceeding. The lady began herself:—

"Dr. Vampus, the gentleman who you are now speaking with is a man of property and consekence; we has plenty of money in the Sols, and has a house in the country, and land, besides our house in town. This is 'Squire Dip, of Dip Hall, near Stepney Green."

"Yes, I bought that place, as I might be near my friend Rugg, who has got a nice country seat by Mile End."

"Mr. Dip," said the lady, "how often must I tell you that you ought never to speak when other people is speaking."

"I ask pardon, spouse."

"We have," said she, "one son, an accomplished young gentleman as any as walks in Bond Street, or goes to sembly of Shadwell. We gave him the best edi-

cation

cation that Edinburgh could afford, but as I *grewed* tired of Edinburgh we returned to the South. Our son, Theodore, is extraordinarily handsome. It is about Theodore I want to speak now. You must know, Sir, as how all the ladies is dying for the love of Theodore; ladies of the highest rank and quality would wish to keep company with our Theodore; but, Sir, a girl, a sort of a servant of one of your governors, fell in fancy with him, and had the audaciousness to think of a husband in young 'Squire Dip. Theodore was not to be trapped, so, she being angry, what does she do? She gets two bullies, who last Sunday falls upon poor Theodore in the fields, and, though he fought most valiantly, two being too heavy for one, they, between them, mislested my boy in a most shocking manner to see; one of them, we has found out, lives with you, as is called Douglas; 'Squire Dip and me has come to insist that he will acknowledge his coward and cruel behaviour, and, as they

say his father is a man of some substance, if he does so, the 'Squire and I will forgive him, if he will tell us where to light upon Wilson, the other, who I'm informed, for sartain, is a young fellow not worth a groat, and therefore deserves to be severely punished for daring to mislest a gentleman of extinction."

Dr. Vampus, finding that there was no intention of placing a youth under his care, *dismissed his smile, and stood erect;* he, besides, had no inclination to give umbrage to Douglas, who perfectly knew him, and had him in his power: he answered, very truly, that it was very unlike Douglas's usual bravery to join with another in attacking one person, and, indeed, unless their son was a young man of most extraordinary strength and prowess, that it would be very unnecessary for Douglas to have any assistance in encountering him.—"I suspect," says he, "Madam, you have had an erroneous account."

"I had

"I had my account," said she, "from my son himself, and would, therefore, depend on it more than a thousand of such ruffians as that Douglass you speak up for."

"Yes, spouse, and I can depend on what the young 'Squire says," added Mr. Dipp.

"Well," said Vampus, "I shall call in Mr. Douglas himself, and you'll hear what account he gives."

Going to Charles, he, in a few words, told him there were a couple of foolish people in the other room that came to complain of some scuffle which he had had with their son, young 'Squire Dip, as they called him; that he knew what they said was all false, and requested our hero to come and explain the matter.

When Charles made his appearance, Mr. Dip, having viewed his vigorous and athletic figure, said to his spouse, "Egad, spouse, I doubt we are in the wrong box, Theodore has been *plugging* a little, for he

is, certainly, not a match for two of that gentleman, nor indeed for one, if we may trust to appearances."

"You talk like a fool," said the lady. "Theodore never told a falsehood in his life."—("That's a good one," said the 'Squire, aside, to Dr. Vampus.)—"Theodore is a good lad, and a pretty lad, but I myself has found out that he often draws a long bow; but, for your life, don't mention I said so."

Douglas stated the affair very briefly, but so little to the satisfaction of Madam Dip, that, in a great passion, she said, "you *oft* to be ashamed of yourself for telling such *monstrations* fibs. I understands how you be the son of a person of consekence; you act very misbecoming of yourself for to go to take the pearte of the refuge and scum of hearth against such a person of fashion as our Theodore."

"Yes, as spouse says," said 'Squire Dip, "them riff-raff, tag-rag and bob-tail, wulgar

gar wretches are not to be put into compalison with gentlemen of fortunes; our Theodore might have been married to Madam Dutchsquab, that brought a mint of money from the nigers in the Vest Indies. She has is since that my old friend Jacky Dulman has since got."

"I vish," said the lady, "that I knowed vear to light on that Wilson, I should have a varrant out against him, and let him see how he can stand to go to law with people of hopulence."

"I shall immediately give you his address," said Douglas, "but if any one is an object of a warrant, for beating the assaulter of Miss Wilson, I am the person; I alone performed that duty before Wilson's arrival; and as he saw that the other had been pretty severely handled, he did not then inflict on him the horse-whipping such a fellow deserved, that being the only manual chastisement (continued Douglas, with the haughtiness of a gentleman, provoked at the upstart insolence of ignorant

and

and vulgar opulence) that Wilson or I, or any man of honour, would condescend to apply to a person in rank, education, knowledge and manners, so totally inferior. Therefore, Mr. 'Squire Dip, of Dip Hall, near Stepney Green, let me advise you to keep young 'Squire Dip out of my friend Wilson's way, until his anger be somewhat abated, and, perhaps, I may be able then to convince him, that even a horse-whip ought not to be applied to so mean and despicable an object. I now acknowledge myself to blame in dirtying my fingers by drubbing such a puny assailant, and so good morning to you, Mr. and Mrs. Dip."

The pride of Mrs. Dip was at once inflamed and mortified; she was enraged that any one could speak in such an audacious manner of so accomplished a youth of such consequence and expectations; and that she, her family and property, and manners, instead of exciting the admiration she looked for, were treated with

the

the most marked contempt, whilst it embittered her wrath, and galled her self-importance. She presently departed, very much disappointed, as she made no doubt that the splendour of her appearance would so dazzle, and her threats so frighten, Douglas, that he would leave off his friendship with Wilson, whom she hated ever since the school adventure, and sacrifice him to the resentment of the Dip family. Vampus, suffering the lady and her obsequious Jacob to find their way by themselves to their carriage, joined Douglas, and thinking to please our hero, employed all his wit (not an inexhaustible fund) in ridiculing the couple to whom he had behaved with so complaisant attention.

CHAP. IV.

Douglas's Excursion with Vampus and Sidney—Our Hero's second Interview with Isabella—Discourse with the Political Barber—Mr. Shave's History of Tom Croft, the Shoemaker, and Writer of Democratical Plays and Romances—Croft receives Lessons from the Islington Philosopher—Meeting of Douglas and Wilson with Timmy Tattle—Timmy's accurate Knowledge of History—Charles and his Friend go to the Theatre—in the Boxes meet with two Misses, who recount to them the Advantages they had derived from a Boarding-school Education—Hospitality and Benevolence of Mr. Coin.

At this time Sidney, the young gentleman whom we mentioned on Douglas's arrival as the expounder of the preceptor's merits, having left the academy about six months came to pay a visit to the worthy Doctor, and to Charles, with whom he was very intimate. The next morning Sidney proposing to Vampus and Charles to take a ride,

a ride, they both agreed; Charles saying he had never been on the Edgeware road proposed to take that route, observing that he had heard there were several delightful scenes there, and near the adjoining cross roads. Having ridden some miles beyond Paddington, our hero, riding a little before the rest, espying a sign-post directing to Finchley, proposed returning by Hampstead, and, in a short time, they found themselves near Hendon. Charles told them that he had met with a very profound politician, a barber in that village, when he conducted 'Squire Dip thither, that he was sure he would amuse them very much. Amusement being their object they agreed to try the powers of that gentleman; our hero accordingly went to his house. Mr. Shave was a little startled at seeing him, as he was conscious some part of his conduct, respecting Mr. Dip, could by no means stand the investigation he conceived that our hero intended. Charles, however, not designing to proceed farther

against

against Mr. Dip, unless he should attempt to repeat his offence, when Shave was beginning to make an apology, told him it was unnecessary; but that he had been so struck, by his political wisdom, that he eagerly longed to converse with him again, and he had also brought two friends with him who had the same desire, and requested his company at the inn. Whilst Mr. Sidney was amusing himself with the philosophy and politics of this personage, and Vampus, who, like *many of his profession*, had the same principles of government as this republican barber, and an equal extent of information, and force of reasoning, regarded him with great admiration. Our hero, whose thoughts were otherwise employed, observing both, though from different causes engaged by the politician, requested they would excuse his absence for some minutes, "as politeness," he said, "required he should ask for the young lady who had been so alarmed the preceding Sunday; and, especially, that he

he should pay his respects to Mrs. Goodwill, who had treated him with great hospitality and kindness." Without investigating his motives they both accepted of his excuse and he set off, declaring he would be back in half an hour, at farthest; leaving them to order dinner in the mean time.

On his arrival at Mrs. Goodwill's he was informed, by a servant, that she was from home, a piece of information not new to Douglas, as he had seen her from the window of the inn; but, on asking for Miss Wilson, he was told she was at home, and being shewn into the parlour, while she was called, observing a book open on the table, and, having the curiosity to glance at it, found that it was Shenstone's works, open at the elegy on Jemmy Dawson, the recital of which, by the young lady, had so much delighted him—he was pressing to his lips the interesting page when Isabella entered the room, confused and blushing, while the observation of his

action,

action, and its object, heightened her emotions. Our hero, on seeing the young lady, blushed as deeply, and, for some minutes, the young couple were unable to bestow on each other the common salutations; recovering, however, Charles told her, "that being anxious to learn that she had not suffered from the treatment to which she was exposed, on Sunday, he had taken the liberty to enquire for her." Thus far said his tongue, and even that hesitatingly, but his eyes said a great deal more, nor did the young lady misunderstand their language. Douglas had resolved (he thought) to repress those feelings which he was conscious had begun to exist, and still more to abstain from expressing them. He firmly determined not to utter a word that could indicate tenderness, and, with studied art, avoided every subject that could lead to such sentiments; but what his tongue refrained from, his looks, his voice, mellowed into expression, and tones of the softest sensibility discovered. Miss Wilson was

extremely

extremely desirous that she should be vindicated, to our hero, from a suspicion she thought it probable he might conceive, that Dip had not been indifferent to her. She persuaded herself that her desire arose from a sense of Dip's unworthiness, and that it had no reference to our hero. She was, besides, anxious to prevent her brother from being involved in a quarrel with Dip on her account, and thought that the influence of Douglas would be the most effectual means to restrain his wrath; she, therefore, turned the conversation on her brother, spoke in his praise what Douglas knew to be true, and added, that her mother's happiness depended upon him, and that she considered him as her chief consolation under the misfortunes and griefs which she had experienced; that she hoped he would have a proper regard for a life so valuable in itself, so dear to her and her mother, and not expose it from false notions of honour, a hazard that might involve them all in misery; that the person

son was a poor despicable creature, and not worthy of any man really valuable incurring danger on his account. "She had," she said, "written to her brother conjuring him not to endanger himself, but that she knew Mr. Douglas's application would be more effectual than his." Douglas promised to use his influence, but, at the same time, said much would not be necessary, as his friend Wilson regarded the fellow with so much contempt as to stifle every resentment, but what might lead to manual chastisement, and even that he would endeavour to prevent.—The entrance of Mrs. Goodwill interrupted their conversation, and Douglas was reminded, soon after, by the striking of a clock, that he staid thrice the time he had promised his friends. He appeared to Isabella to have made as short a visit as he had done to himself; he found his acquaintances waiting dinner, and Dr. Vampus very much delighted with the *acuteness* of the barber, who promised next time they came to see

and get Tom Croft, the shoe-maker, to meet them, but that he was now on a visit to the great philosopher, William Suttlewould. "Tom Croft tells me as how Mr. Suttlewould is writing a pure book to prove as how there be no heaven or hell; as there is no soul as there oft to be no marriage, as if a man and woman has a fancy for one another they has a right to please themselves, be G—. I think this is one of the best of their doctrines, for our Dorothy is not the woman she was when I married her, and I like neibour Stave's wife much better than I do her, for we that is *losophers* don't mind your commandaments and their d—n stuff. He says, too, as how there oft to be no rich nor poor, that things should be equal.

"Eh! Gad, I should like that too, I should like to go snacks with the great Lord that lives there in Caenwood, or with the great Banker that lives over the way at Stanemore. Mr. Suttlewould says, too, as how, if we contrive a plough that will go without

out horses or driver, and that there shall be no more prisons, nor gallows, nor pillory, nor stocks; d—n the stocks, I was put into them for what the quizzes of our parish calls blasphemy, although Tom Croft told me as how it was every word true, for that Dr. Priestley said so.

"But, my friend," said Sidney, "if you had the half of the lord's or banker's property, do you not think, on the same principle, others might wish to go snacks with you?"

"No, no, Tom Croft knows a trick worth two of that; if we once gets it, as he says, we will take care not to part with it."

"That," said our hero, "is the real principle of professed levellers, I do believe; rapacious plunder for themselves, without equal distribution among their votaries."

"But, pray, who is this Tom Croft, whose authority you value so highly?"

"Lord, Sir, where beest you come that you

you don't know Tom Croft? Tom Croft is one of our cutest losophers and writers of story books. He just have wrote a history-book of a Welchman; he comes, now and then, and reads it among us. It shews what wicked good for nothing volks your lords and your bishops, your varsity doctors, and the like of those be. Tom's book says as how them as he mentions be all true, and that all of the sort be alike. Tom writes them for the people, to lighten us against all bishops, and them sort of cattle. Tom was himself a shoemaker," (continued the barber, whose natural communicativeness was still farther increased by liquor,) "but not finding matters to do at that he took to writing books, for he had larned to read and write at the charity-school; it was there I was first acquainted with him. He was no dunce; he was as good a scholar as myself, and so, Sir, his father wanted to breed him to his own business in the ass-milk line, but the boy, having a notion of gentility, would

be a shoe-maker, and so, Sir, he being a journeyman, and having carried home from his master, to 'Squire Subtlewould, a pair of boots, he, being pleased with them, entered into a discourse with Croft, and found him a cute fellow; and as Tom was always against the government, what he said was much to the Squire's mind; so says the 'Squire, 'Why don't you leave off your trade?'—'What better would you recommend to me? for I promises you I don't like to be commanded by maester, nor nobody else; I never minded my own father.'—'There speaks the spirit' said the 'Squire, 'of a free man; no man of a right way of thinking will obey his father, or any body else.' — 'But I recommend to you,' says Mr. Subtlewould, 'to write books.' —'Lord maester,' said Croft, for he told us all about it the same night at the club, 'how can I write books without larning?' and 'Squire Subtlewould laughed. 'Learning!' said the 'Squire, 'believe me, more than half the books that is written is written without

without learning; aye, and not only your story books, and play books, but your books for the *Tarians*, against bishops, and kings, and Christ, is written without any learning. If you but knowed the *Lytical*, as I do, you would find much may be written without larning; and so, Sir, Tom was persuaded and took to writing, and the volks, in joke, sometimes said, that from being *a journeyman boot-maker Tom was a journeyman book-maker*; and now Mr. Subtlewould gets him to vrite out for him more plain spokenly vor the people to understand; but our parson, who is one of your old-fashioned quizzes, goes vor to laugh at Croft, and calls him *a parrot of Subtlewould's Political Justass*, and says as how his books tells no more than what the justass told before."—Sidney asking Douglas if he had ever read any of Croft's writings, he answered he had glanced at them, but never had the patience to read any of them through, and that, as far as he could judge, they were the productions of an

uninformed man, who took upon trust an extravagant hypothesis by no means void of ingenuity, the visionary propositions of which he could not even understand singly, much less investigate and discuss their object, reasons, and tendency in conjunction and succession, and as constituting the parts of a whole; comprehend and characterize that whole.—Dr. Vampus now reminding them that it was late, they took their leave of the politician, and, meeting with no incident, worthy of record, arrived in safety at home.

The following week our hero called upon Wilson, and represented to him his sister's wish that he would not take any steps that might lead to a farther quarrel with young 'Squire Dip, to which Wilson agreed; contempt having, as Douglas expected, repressed resentment. Adjourning to a coffee-house they amused themselves with discussing certain characters of mankind, both individual and general, and both displayed very considerable acuteness

and

and force of penetration, although their knowledge of human nature and experience of life was not yet equal to the vigour or comprehensiveness of their understandings. Occurrences and characters wore, to them, an appearance of novelty, which, to persons of much less talents, but more practice in life, they would not have done. While they were thus engaged a smirking gentleman came in grinning, in very smart boots, neat leather breeches, having his neck handkerchief tied with great exactness, whom our hero recognized to be Mr. Tattle, that he had seen at Ranelagh; accordingly they bowed to each other, and Wilson and the gentleman shook hands, as old acquaintances. "Well, gentlemen," says he, "what have you got?"

"Port wine."

"I have just dined, and having been very tired, sitting all day paying and receiving money, after taking two or three glasses of sherry at home, I thought I would come and take my port here,

where I could enjoy myself in conversation."

"Well, have you heard the news? I can assure you it is true, for I had it from one that knows. You may depend upon it, the convention is signed with Spain."

"The account," said Wilson, "of that was in the papers of this morning."

"Aye, aye, so it was," says he, "but I am so busy that I have hardly time to glance at a paper myself, but there are always plenty of papers at our office. But come, what was the toast, a bumper? Aye, here it goes." Then, grinning more than before, he said, "Pray, Mr. Wilson, what story is this respecting the boarding-school teacher and you? I know her by sight; she is a buxom piece, but I hope you don't get into any scrape by it; why did you not consult me? If there is any young witness likely to make its appearance I shall set you upon the way of dealing with the parish. Many a young fellow have

I got

I got out of such scrapes. I know how to come over the overseers."

Mr. Wilson thanked him, but assured him that in the present case, there was not the smallest occasion for exerting his benevolence in the way he proposed.

" Aye, I know more than you think of," says the other; " but come, don't let us forget our old friend the beggar."

The proper attention having been paid to the last hint, this well-informed gentleman went on—" I know the whole history, you are not the first lover she has had. There was a Captain of the guards.—I got all the particulars from Davy, the little parson, who last night took his brandy and water with me, but if you will go home with me to-night," and then turning to Douglas, " and you, Sir; perhaps you are not much acquainted with town?—I can direct you where you can be secure. There lives, in the next court to me, two of the finest girls that you ever beheld, fair game—the one is kept by old Balance, the banker, the other, by young

Groom, intimate friend to the Duke of Bruiser. I can set you in a way how to succeed; but, come, 'tis your toast.—Waiter, another bottle from the old bin."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Douglas, "we are extremely obliged to you for your kind offer, but I, for my own part, think it quite unnecessary to trouble you, as I have as much of the sort of acquaintance that you recommend as I wish for."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "if you lived in my neighbourhood, there you would see some of the finest doings that you have no notion of, not one of them escapes me. I get the histories from my own hair-dresser every morning, and in the evening from the hostler, where I keep my horses, or the waiter of the coffee-house, beside many chance windfalls; there is not a single man, high or low, but what I know what they are about. What do you think of that now?"

"Upon my word" said Douglas, "you must have a most persevering industry of enquiry,

enquiry, and I hope that, for the gratification of your friends, you are proportionably communicative."

"I will tell you," continued Timothy, "a good story of an affair that is going on between the cheesemonger's wife and the alehouse-man in our neighbourhood."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing the parties," said Wilson.

"But as to Mrs. Suffolk," said Tattle, "I knew her history before she was married. I can tell you the whole of it. She lived as waiting-maid with my lady Squander, and there was a curious business between her and the chaplain. Some people, indeed, did not stick to say, that my lord himself——"

He might have proceeded more particularly into the ante-nuptial history of Mrs. Suffolk, when, perceiving a lady pass, daubed with paint, he exclaimed, "Oh, that is Mrs. Alley, she is going to meet the Rev. Mr. Ramface. Wilson, you can tell your friend that story."

"Really I have forgot the particulars," said Wilson.

"What a flat you are!" answered Tattle, "You see I know more of your neighbourhood than you do yourself."

"You may soon do that."

Wilson being obliged to go home for about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Tattle took the opportunity of his back being turned to inform Douglas all he had learned respecting Wilson's gallantry to Miss Palaver, and other adventures of the same nature, and had just begun a description of an interview between him and a nursery-maid in Kensington Gardens, the particulars of which Tattle's indefatigable industry had learned from a person that tended the sheep, when Wilson's return made him change the subject. Wilson happening to mention a young gentleman that he had just met, and whom he praised for architectural genius and taste, and also for judgement in the disposition of grounds, both for purposes of pleasure and utility—

"Aye,

" Aye, a very good sort of a young man," says Tattle; " I myself have endeavoured to improve him, but he is not disposed to take instruction, he knows very little of the world. I could never get him to go to a bagnio."

" That is a species of amusement," said Wilson, " that many people don't choose to pursue in company."

" However," said Tattle, " I wish to encourage the young man, and as he must generally be in advance in his business, I always accommodate him with money. I was very sorry, a few days ago, when he applied to me for 500l. that I was so short run at my banker's, by having just purchased in the stocks, that I could only let him have 350l."

" I am a good deal surprized," said Wilson, " that he is in the way of borrowing, as it is quite contrary to the general idea that is entertained."

" O, there is no judging from appearances, we are among friends, and don't let

it go farther, but he never would have stood, if it had not been for me. He has had first and last 700l. of my money."

The very gentleman of whom he was speaking now entering the coffee-house, Tattle flew to the door to meet him, and the gentleman not having adverted to the presence of the others, said he was very sorry that it was not convenient for him to lend Mr. Tattle but 50l. at this time, but that in a week or two he should have as much more. Tattle hoping that his two companions had not heard an account so totally contrary to that of the 700l. as narrated by himself, hastily took the money, and both joined Douglas and Wilson, who, though they had heard what past, did not by their countenances betray their discovery of the vain-glorious falsehoods of this empty talker.

Wilson and Douglas soon after set off for town, and, though not intoxicated, a good deal enlivened with wine. Wilson had a great delight in investigating minds, either

either important or frivolous, and analysing their principles of thinking and acting. Douglas said to him, "Wilson, I know you can, with considerable acuteness, dissect the understanding and will of men of vigorous genius and complex character; you can, certainly, have no difficulty in comprehending the trivial silly mind of this poor fellow, Tattle."

"His," said Wilson, "is a character that requires no great effort of penetration to dive to the bottom of in a short time. His absurdities and defects arise partly from the head and partly from the heart. His minute details of private histories, and affairs of no consequence to hearers, arise, first from a littleness of understanding that can comprehend nothing but what is trifling, and in littleness so commensurate to itself. A man of sense might employ extra-official hours in either instructive reading or rational conversation, because a man of sense, even though he should be no more of a classical scholar than Tattle

tle himself, might understand such reading and conversation; but it would be very idle in Timmy to study Robertson's or Hume's history, or even the Spectator, as he could not comprehend a word of them; whereas the domestic history of the cheesemonger's wife, the transactions recorded by porters, hair-dressers, and washerwomen, he can comprehend, as they are perfectly adapted to his intellect. His understanding, however," continued Wilson, "though it perfectly accounts for the *frivolity* of his narratives, does not account for all their ingredients. The principal qualities of Tattle's heart are *vanity and envy*. He wishes to appear what he is not, and fancies that by talking of the accuracy and extension of his knowledge of family-concerns and private foibles, that he passes for a man of acuteness and discernment. I have met him before in evening parties, and besides his idle tattling concerning trivial occurrences, he tried to entertain the company by a detail of the official

cial transactions of the day, with the view to impress us with a notion of his consummate ability as a man of business, and it was a farther object to display the confidence reposed in him, because entrusted in the same manner as any other inferior clerk in a pecuniary employment; when the whole that the trust implied was, that people do not conceive a man earning a decent livelihood would be guilty of an embezzlement which must be immediately discovered, and subject to the forfeiture of his theft, his livelihood, and life; when it merely appeared his employers did not believe him so dishonest a servant as to run away with the money, when if he did, he was sure of being taken, ruined, and hanged. Of that common reliance necessarily placed in a common servant he is extremely vain, as a mark of peculiar esteem. In common with all narrow minded men, much conversant with money, he values money as the chief source of distinction, an estimation in him individually, foolish, as he has no earthly property.

property. Hence you saw how he boasted of his accommodating Mr. Planwell with a considerable sum at the very instant that he had come to borrow a much smaller. But he values money not for those purposes for which all men of sense deem it a convenient instrument, but for gaudiness, show, and what is commonly called dashing. He is extremely envious, especially in matters connected with the supposition of wealth and influence, and will spare no protestation, however false, to convince you that the objects of his envy are totally deficient in those acquirements, their real, or by him believed, possession of which corrodes his heart."

"Aye, I suppose, however," said Douglas, who knew his friend to be very satirical, "he is a hearty hospitable fellow.—He asked me, though a stranger, to see him, and, indeed, pressed me."

"Why, as to his hospitality—he is fond of company, but he is rather a *gregarious animal* than a SOCIAL MAN."

"But

" But he might have company at other places as well as his own house," said Douglas.

" But there his vanity operates," said the other. " He wishes to be the head, and, of course, must be so in his own house; besides, his parties afford him a subject for boasting the next day, among his morning coadjutors and afternoon *compotators*, of the splendour of his establishment, the number and importance of his guests, the quantity of liquor consumed, how many got drunk, though only drinking half glasses, why he filled bumpers and kept sober all the time; for it is a great subject of exultation that he can swallow a great quantity of wine without intoxication, and, indeed, in one sense he speaks true. I will admit that after drinking two bottles he speaks no more nonsense than before he drinks one glass."

" Robert," said Douglas, " you are a most satirical dog, but you should quarry at higher game, do not pounce on a poor chattering

chattering magpie. I think he must have done something to offend you, otherwise you would not treat with so contemptuous a severity a mere object of laughter."

"D—n the fellow," answered Robert, "if he were merely silly and vain, with good-nature, one might laugh at him, and even have something of a pitying liking for him; but his vanity is mingled with malignity. He evidently, in many cases, intends to do harm; he tries to cause breaches between neighbours and friends, by exaggeration and falsehood, for he is a most notorious unprincipled liar; he tries to slander where calumny may affect the peace and interest of individuals and families. Even he is not such a fool as to do that without seeing the consequence: therefore, though I pity him as a silly, brainless, ostentatious fool, I detest him as a rancorous scoundrel; he has often attempted to injure me; but his attempts were, fortunately, vain."

"I do not see," said Douglas, "how there could be any competition between him and you in any case."

"Why,

" Why, once that he was impertinent I checked him with an asperity that, I believe, might show my opinion of his talents, and prove to the company that it was just."

" That accounts for his dislike to you," said Douglas; "*a fool never forgives a man whom he conceives not to respect his talents.*"

" That I might account for," said Wilson, " but there is a more specific cause. Have you seen Mrs Tattle?"

" Yes," said Douglas, " my aunt introduced me to her at Ranelagh, a very sweet, lovely woman she is. I remember my remarking to my aunt my wonder that she could have married such a man as I saw him to be, during the short conversation we had together. But what has she to do with his dislike to you?"

" When," replied Wilson, " I once or twice met them in a party, I, from the common politeness of a gentleman, paid her the attention due to a lady of the most

agreeable

agreeable manners and engaging conversation, although I never met her but in company with her husband; he took it into his head, I have since learned, to be jealous; a jealousy entirely of vanity, for he has neither feeling, taste, nor sense, to have an adequate affection and esteem for so charming and excellent a woman; at the same time I declare to you, upon my honour, that every part of the lady's behaviour, as I saw, and general conduct, in the opinion of every body else, is evidently the result of the most perfect and delicate propriety, while his speaking and acting was totally inconsistent with the respect due to a modest woman. Among ladies trying to be facetious, and having no fund of wit and humour, he attempted to make up for it by indecent ribaldry, of which he had not sufficient genius to conceal the nudity by the veil of metaphor or allusion."

Discoursing thus, they arrived at the play-house, and had an excellent treat in beholding Congreve's "Way of the World;"

World;" a comedy scarcely inferior, in wit and humour, to any performance of that illustrious dramatic bard; perhaps, not even to "Love for Love" itself. Our hero, who had frequently attracted the notice of ladies in the side boxes, being that evening in an undress, had betaken himself, together with his friend, to the upper boxes, where the ladies were more of the stamp of most of those represented in the play. After the entertainment the young men afforded an instance of not being altogether endued with the self-command of which Sir Charles Grandison exhibited so striking and uncommon specimens, both in Italy, a country in which English young gentlemen, in general, have not attained equal celebrity for the practice of this virtue, and in England also, where such heroes are not more common than in foreign parts. They might, indeed, have found an example equally praiseworthy in a character of much lower degree than Richardson's virtuous Baronet,

or

or Fielding's virtuous footman, Joseph Andrews. The chastity of the Baronet did not undergo more violent assaults from the Lady Lauretta de la Sworfa, than did Joseph's undergo from Lady Booby, of Booby Hall, and Ma'mselle Betty, chamber-maid of the inn on the west road. Happy, indeed, would it be, for the reputation of many a boarding-school miss, were all those footmen, to whose care they are entrusted by their watchful governess, equally virtuous.

Douglas and Wilson unfortunately resembled Tom Jones more than Joseph Andrews.

Our hero had, indeed, from the time he beheld Miss Wilson, formed a resolution similar to that which Jones, inspired by the charms of the lovely Sophia, made in the grove a little before he met with Miss Molly Seagrim, who became an unconscious accomplice in its breach.

Two young ladies, of very frank and easy manners, had amused and entertained

the

the youths with their very facetious remarks on various passages and characters of the play, and, indeed, shewed themselves superior to many literary and dramatic critics, as they perfectly comprehended the subject on which they delivered their opinions. The young ladies, finding our youths delighted with their sprightly remarks, very benevolently wished to prolong their happiness, and, with much kindness, invited them to sup, in a private family, where they often visited, under the Piazzas. Their friend, of whose hospitality they were desirous the gentlemen should partake, was that truly excellent and respectable character, Mr. Coin, a personage, perhaps, not unknown to some of my readers; eminent for his obliging disposition, at once extremely benevolent in promoting the happiness of youth, and the general welfare of society. As considerate as benevolent, this wise and good man has reflected on the mischiefs accruing to young men from the possession of

too

too great sums of money, that it indisposes them to industry and application, and invites them to fashionable vice and extravagance. No sooner does the sage and philanthropic Mr. Coin prevail on them to be the objects of his hospitality, than, with a praise-worthy providence for their future conduct, he contrives that their cash shall pass into hands not likely so to misapply it. So self-willed and ungrateful, too often, are young men, that what in Mr. Coin results from the most consummate goodness, is called, by these young men, rapacity, extortion, fraud, and every thing that is bad. So censorious are the generality of mankind, so much prone to believe evil than good, that too many have formed a very bad opinion of the good Mr. Coin, and even a judge upon the bench, taking the evidence of other people, instead of Mr. Coin himself, who best knew his own motives, and that of his friends, who gave a most unequivocal proof of their deep sense of his spotless integrity,

integrity, by receiving, with implicit confidence, his account, and declaring it as the result of their own observation. So obstinate, however, are some men, that no less than thirteen persons, a judge and twelve jurymen, concurred in disregarding this high effort of friendship, that even in itself, independent of other circumstances, so clearly illustrated the character of Mr. Coin. In addition to this direct proof, there is collateral—Mr. Coin is looked up to, by many worthy and discerning persons in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, as a most respectable inhabitant; as an honour to their social meetings; as, indeed, conferring lustre on individuals, by being seen walking in the street with them, and as alone worthy to be perpetual president of their clubs. It is pleasing, indeed, to Mr. Coin, to reflect, that though the public may call him the pander of vice—the agent of seduction—the promoter of profligacy—yet, that his more discerning intimates admire him as

the glory of their society, so excellent judges are members of those clubs whose presence adorns the mansions which take their name from Ale, of what is right and wrong; in conduct honourable! and dishonourable in profession. Indeed, a reflecting man, who compares different circumstances, and situations, in order to ascertain their respective advantages and disadvantages to society, will be apt to compare the judgements of these moralists individual, or in club assembled, and of those who admire the conduct, character, and lectures of the Beaufort Buildings political philosopher; and it might be proposed, as a question, in the most ingenious societies, where men, self-taught, without any aid from human learning, debate on questions of deep philosophy, "Whether the admirers of the Piazza morality, or the Beaufort Buildings politics, are most worthy of praise and admiration?"

To the hospitable mansion of the Piazza moralist

moralist did the young ladies conduct our young men. In the course of conversation, at supper, a hint fell from one of them which induced their new friends to enquire into her history. She answered him with a sigh, that in her story, she believed, there was nothing new nor uncommon. "Her parents," she said, "were inferior trades-people, whose foolish vanity had prompted them to send her to a boarding-school; there she had learned nothing that could be useful in her station, and many things that must be hurtful in any station; that her fancy had been dazzled by the novels which the young ladies were allowed to read, and she hoped to meet with as extraordinary good fortune as befel the heroines of those novels, many of whom, though brought up to no manner of useful employment, with no fortune of their own, to enable them, with prudence, to live in idleness—by the discovery of some new relation, by the death of some twentieth cousin, quickly came to

a great fortune, or, by their beauty and accomplishments, got a great match. I thought I might light upon as good luck; I thought myself not without beauty; heard from my governesses and teachers that the way to be accomplished was to *read French, play music, dance, and sing Italian airs.* These I studied not without some proficiency. The dancing I liked, indeed, best of all; *for, when the governess was out of the way,* the teachers would have in their acquaintances to assist in the practice of the steps. When I returned from school, I found, alas! that my accomplishments, my novels, my music and dancing, were of no use in helping my mother to serve in the shop. Tom Chink, the pewterer, used to tell me I was a likely lass, and actually made his addresses to me. My parents told me I could not do better, for that Tom was a thriving man. No, no, said I, *if you had intended me for a tradesman* you should not have made me a BOARDING-SCHOOL YOUNG LADY.

LADY. I never read, in any novel, of any of the heroines throwing themselves away upon a mechanic. I told the same thing to Tom himself, and that he was a presumptuous fellow for thinking of one so much above him."

"Above me," said Tom Chink, "I don't see as how a green-grocer's daughter is above a well-doing tin-man."

"Don't talk to me as a green-grocer's daughter, but as an accomplished young lady; one that has read the best books, and knows from them what she may expect. Did not, Patty Fairfield, Sir, the miller's daughter, knowing her own accomplishments, refuse farmer Giles? What was the consequence—she was married to Lord Aimworth."

"I knows nothing," said he, "about Patty Fairfield and Lord Aimworth, but, by G—d, let me tell you, 'Squires and Lords, now-a-days, don't seek poor girls for their wives, whatever they may for their mistresses; so better, Biddy, not be

on your high ropes in expecting either a 'Squire or a Lord, for the devil of one of such gentry will ye ever light upon."

"Begone," said I, "you low, insolent fellow."—"Not long after my refusing him a very handsome gentleman, belonging to the foot-guards, having seen me, found means to get acquainted with me, praised my beauty, taste and accomplishments, and, not to detain you, by tedious particulars, I soon fell a victim, less to his designs than to my own foolish vanity; the consequence of the foolish vanity of my parents. Conversing with persons in my own unfortunate situation, I have learned that not a few owe their ruin to the same cause."

CHAP. V.

Charles receives a Visit from Mr. Nevil—Account of Mr. Stanly—The Mystery solved—An unexpected Interview—Account of his Uncle and the Rhodomontades.

RETURNING home, the next day, our hero was informed, at the gate, that an elderly gentleman had been, for some time, waiting for his arrival. On entering the house he found that it was Mr. Nevil, the friend of young Dudley, whom he had delivered, and who had caused him such anxiety, an anxiety still as strong as at first. Dr. Vampus told Charles that, although he was but just come back, Mr. Nevil had given him such reasons for his immediate return to town as were unanswerable, requesting, therefore, he might prepare for setting out, without loss of time. Douglas being soon ready, Mr. Nevil's chaise was called. On the road they

discoursed on indifferent subjects, although our hero was very eager to be informed of what he believed Mr. Nevil could solve, yet rested satisfied with his promise that he should that day be fully satisfied. Arriving at a hotel, where Mr. Nevil lodged, as soon as they were alone Mr. Nevil began: "My brave and dear young friend, I have first to repeat my warm thanks for that exertion of one of many of your noble qualities which saved the life of a young man not less deserving than even yourself; but mine are not the only thanks you will receive, you have conferred an invaluable obligation on one whose happiness and applause you regard much more highly. Dudley himself, besides, who is a most able and accomplished youth, and already, though young, for he is just a year older than you, will prove a valuable addition to the number of your most affectionate friends." (The chronological hint was not lost on our hero; the sudden change of whose now-delighted coun-

countenance bespoke a complete removal of the chief ground of his anxiety, and now left only curiosity unaccompanied by disagreeable apprehension.) "Dudley's noble qualities will soon, at least, in the minds of those who think and feel rightly, rub out a stain incurred by no fault of his own. I see, in your eyes, an ardent wish to know the history of Dudley, which I shall relate to you in a few words.

"About twenty-four years ago a niece of mine, Mrs. Stanley, the widow of Counsellor Stanley, was obliged to go to Dublin on some affairs of her deceased husband. Mrs. Stanley, with many amiable qualities, had, from reading books of irreligion, formed such speculative notions as are by no means consistent with the best and properest principles of female conduct. She despised many of those maxims and rules for which the experienced utility in practice affords the strongest arguments. She was, besides, a woman of great constitutional sensibility, and had mixed very

much with the gay world. During her husband's life-time, although she had not escaped censure, yet had afforded for it no certain grounds. He, though he by no means approved of the principles and sentiments which she often expressed, was so far from suspecting that her levity extended to guilt, that he, in his will, declared his belief of the contrary, and left her a considerable sum of money at her own complete disposal. A great part of this being laid out on a mortgage in Ireland, she had, at the time that I mentioned to you, gone over to arrange matters for the speedy settlement of both interest and principal. Coming home one evening from the Rotunda, her servant having missed her in the croud, she was very rudely attacked in the street by a couple of Irishmen, and might have met with the utmost violence from them had not an officer, coming to her assistance, compelled, with much danger to himself, the fellows to fly. If Mrs. Stanley's sensible heart felt very warm

gratitude

gratitude for her rescue before, she had no opportunity, from the darkness of the night, to behold the face and figure of her deliverer; gratitude was not her only feeling, when, on their arrival in her house, she had an opportunity of beholding one of the most interesting, elegant, and manly countenances and persons she had ever beheld. This conversation, at once pleasing, brilliant, and energetic, deepened the impression made by his external appearance. The gentleman she soon found was of the highest character and respectability in his profession. With many most valuable qualities, of head and heart, he had a considerable degree of gallantry, which he soon saw was by no means unpleasing to Mrs. Stanley. They often met, were frequently alone, and had neither a sufficient degree of self-command to resist such situations. Mrs. Stanley complained of no treachery, imputed no seductive arts. Her gallant had, before their intimacy had been carried to the greatest lengths, fairly and honestly

told her that his affections were irrevocably engaged by a young lady of his native country. I, though her uncle, and who might naturally be disposed to defend her conduct, must confess, that on the most minute investigation, she was to blame for the intercourse which took place The effects soon became visible. I was apprized by herself of the state in which she had involved herself, and as I could not, in conscience, prevail on myself to call out a man that I found really to have acted as any man would have done in the same circumstances, and my character did not require any action not dictated by the case itself, the matters did not become public. The child was born in a retired farm-house near Petersfield, in Hampshire. I stood godfather, and gave him my own name, Henry, and he took his mother's maiden name, Dudley. His father revisiting his native country married the young lady to whom his affections had before been engaged, but not till he had explained to her the

the circumstances and effects of his amour with Mrs. Stanley, lest she should afterwards hear of it, and suppose that an improper correspondence still subsisted."

"Then," said Douglas, eagerly, "Dudley——is——"

"My son," called a voice from a gentleman just entering the room, and throwing himself into the arms of Douglas.—"My dearest Charles, your courage has saved your own brother."

To describe Charles's feelings at this very unexpected interview would be impossible; instead of attempting the task, therefore, we shall endeavour to account for his unexpected appearance.

Dudley, who perfectly knew the history of his birth, and also was informed of the family of his father by his wife, had been convinced at their second interview, that Charles was the son of Colonel Douglas, his own father; much more agitated by this discovery than alarmed by his wounds, he had sent an express for Mr. Nevil, who, on conversing with

with him, and afterwards enquiring at Mr. Advance's, was certified that Dudley's idea was right, and accordingly learnt the Colonel's address from the agent; wrote him what had happened, soliciting his permission to suffer the young men to be explicitly informed of their relation to each other. The Colonel delighted with the gallant conduct of Charles, shewed the letter to his wife, and both read with tears of joy and exultation the account given by Mr. Nevil of that exploit, of the graces of Charles's person, the force and acquirements of his understanding. He wrote in answer, that Mrs. Douglas and he should be over in a few days, and he himself would be witness to the discovery, and it was in consequence of this letter that Nevil had about a week before written to Charles, that he should soon call upon him. The Colonel with his lady had arrived in London late in the evening before, and having seen Mr. Nevil early in the morning, it was concerted that he should fetch Douglas from

from Dr. Vampus's, and, by informing him of the outlines of Dudley's history, prepare him for the rest. A few minutes brought Dudley to his brother's arms, and both testified the pride and pleasure they felt at the introduction. The Colonel, after the most violent emotions of the parties were subsided, told Charles, jocosely, that he had heard that he was a great favourite among the ladies, but that he must request his company to see a lady in whose favour he stood much higher than with most ladies. Walk into that room; Charles obeyed, and, with the most delighted surprize, beheld his mother, whom he believed, as was once intended, to be gone to Edinburgh to his sister. After both father and mother had embraced their son, and expressed their exquisite happiness at seeing him such as he was, the Colonel began to talk of their Scotch friends. The Laird had been seized with a fit of illness. The necessary abstemiousness had been of considerable use in restoring to him the use

of

of his faculties, but, as he had been enjoined by the physicians to refrain from much speaking, it had not been discovered by his wife and the Rhodomontades that such an effect had been produced.

"One day," said the Colonel, "the Laird overheard Rhodomontade's daughter talking about a will, deposited in the bureau, which the daughter said she hoped would stand examination as her fortune depended upon it.—The proprietor of Rhode Place answered his worthy offspring. 'Our friend, Swearwell, has taken care of that; besides, we have three witnesses who saw him subscribe it.' The Laird, conceiving that they supposed him asleep, began to snore. They accordingly proceeded. 'I was in hopes,' said she, 'that his fever would have settled that besotted beast before this time, although the physician says he is better. I think he will relapse, at any rate he cannot live long.'—'It don't signify as to the will,' says Rhodomontade, 'he won't make another, we have him quite under our 'thumb.'—

thumb.'—'I am afraid that will will undergo a scrutiny,' says she. 'The Longheads, and that d——d Colonel, will, I am afraid, prove too many for us all at last. I wish, father, with your good will, you had the head of old Longhead, or of the Colonel. How you did bungle that affair of Peter Curlpate, for Longhead found you out for all your swearing, and that of your friends, and exposed you in the public Court of Session. I hope matters will be better managed now.'—'Come, come, Molly, don't be too severe, I confess I got into a *clamper* there through the folly of that scoundrel, who, when he was drunk, acknowledged that he had sworn falsely in my favour. Villain, I gave him ten pounds. When I was in London I had forty oaths to my character for the sum.' The father and daughter being gone out of the room the Laird soon after rung his bell, and enquired if Mr. Wiseman had been there lately, on being told that he had not, he asked for the physician, who

not

not long after arrived. His wife, he understood, being gone abroad with her mother, he desired he might immediately see Mr. Strongbrain, as he wished to converse with him, privately, on a subject of great importance. The physician went to fetch Wiseman, and as he was himself much better affected towards the Laird's own relations and connections than those of the Rhodomontades, hoped that he might have something of importance for them to impart to the clergyman. That he might not be interrupted he himself went to join the two ladies, and imperceptibly had drawn them to a much greater distance than they had proposed to walk.

" Meanwhile the Laird was visited by Mr. Wiseman, and after acknowledging himself to have been entirely to blame for the coldness that had, for some years, subsisted between them, said he did not expect that it would have prevented either Mr. Wiseman or Mr. Longhead from visiting him in the illness which it was believed would

would have been his last. Mr. Wiseman assured him that both had very frequently enquired, but were refused admittance to him. 'Then,' said the sick man, squeezing his hand, 'I have been imposed on in every way; you are still my friend, as warm in your regard as ever.' The Laird then informed him very accurately, and circumstantially told him, the conversation he had overheard.—'I trust,' said he, 'as I feel myself much better, that I shall recover from this illness, but should it be otherwise, I desire that you hear these my words: that if any will appear after my decease, purported to be signed by me, or even actually signed as from their words I suspect it is, that such a will must have been subscribed during intoxication, as I have not the least recollection of any such deed, and certainly never intended to execute any.'—Mr. Wiseman said he should take down in writing what he said, would inform Mr. Longhead, and write to the Colonel, but wished the physician had been

been present as another witness. 'Where,' said Mr. Wiseman, 'is that will deposited, did you hear?'—'In that bureau,' they said.—Mr. Wiseman looking, said, 'with your leave that may soon be ascertained;'—'the key stands in the bureau;'—'I do not choose to examine your papers, but I can easily move your bed.'—'That is totally unnecessary,' said the other,' 'you may examine my papers at my request; it is, most probably, in the small middle draw.'—Wiseman, at his repeated desire, searched for it, and soon found it. The Laird unfolding it he erased his own name, requesting Mr. Wiseman to fold it again and replace it, and to drop the key somewhere in the room, that it might not be suspected to have been perceived, and departed before the return of the ladies; but perceiving Mr. Rhodomontade coming into the court asked him to permit him to visit his old friend, who he was afraid was, by all accounts, in an alarming state. Rhodomontade, with some reluctance consented, and they

they had just entered when Miss Eleanora, to whose care her brother had been left, awakening from her afternoon's nap, entered the room, and perceiving Wiseman, exclaimed against him for coming into that house, contrary to Mrs. Douglas's express orders.—'I am,' says Mr. Wiseman, 'this moment come in along with Mr. Rhodomontade to enquire for the health of my old friend here, as becomes me both as a neighbour and a clergyman of the parish.' —'Don't talk to me,' said Miss Nell, 'you are the *amissary* of Mr. Longhead, his daughter, and Colonel Douglas, for I will not call him my brother; and that vile wretch, their son, to slander the character of my dear Mrs. Douglas!'—'That not being a subject,' replied Mr. Wiseman, 'I came here to discuss, I wish you a good night, Madam.'—Both Rhodomontade and Eleanora had conceived Mr. Wiseman's visit to have been of no longer duration than they were witness to. Mrs. Douglas on hearing Miss Nell's account, though

she

she blamed her father, yet apprehending Mr. Wiseman's visit, for so short a time, and in their presence to be immaterial, thought no more of the matter.

" The next day the Laird had unfolded the affair to the physician, and requested him again to introduce Mr. Wiseman, and, if possible, Mr. Longhead, at least if they, after conferring, thought it expedient to visit him. He now recovered quickly, a circumstance that by no means seemed to please his worthy lady, however much she professed her joy at it. About ten days after his conference with Mr. Wiseman he was so much recovered as to be able to walk through his room, and to write short letters of thanks to his friends for their enquiries during his illness. His lady, who perceived in his manner a degree of coldness which had never appeared, nor indeed existed before, would have been a good deal alarmed had she not relied on the settlement which she believed to be safe under lock and key. Lest, however,

he

he should take it into his head to demand back the key of his bureau, she took care to have it removed into a different place. Still he did not suspect her of being unfaithful to his bed, and imputed Charles's account as reported to him to misapprehension on his part, and her's to resentment of that misapprehension. He at last, being able to go abroad, had an interview with Mess. Longhead and Wiseman, and expressed very warmly to them his desire to be reconciled to his beloved brother and beloved nephew before he died. Having explained his sentiments fully on the subject of his nephew, although that he was only partly right, yet as they were not prepared with proofs to convince him in what he was wrong, they desisted from the attempt. He wrote a few lines to his brother, soliciting his forgiveness, and presence, if possible, with his dear Charles, as though somewhat recovered he was confident he would not outlive the winter. —'This letter,' said the Colonel, 'with those

those from your grandfather and Mr. Wiseman, containing the detail I have just given you, arrived a few days before I left Dublin, so that I believe it will be right for us to set out, for a few weeks, for the land of your nativity. Your mother there is very anxious to accompany us; but at this season of the year I object to it, and as I now am in the way for getting an appointment, which will make it necessary for me to reside at or near London, I must soon return. I cannot set off for a fortnight, so that you and your mother will enjoy one another's company for that time. My sister will be probably insisting upon her residing at her house during my absence, but as theirs is a gayer society than my Emily will probably relish, I shall try and get her accommodated in some more private family; she will receive every attention from the worthy Mr. Nevil, and my brave Dudley, whom her generous mind regards next to her own son. I mean to bring up, from Edinburgh, your sister, who

who is, I am told, one of the finest girls in the place, said Charles.'—'I fancy,' said the father, 'it is not every one, my dear Emily, that has such a son and daughter as we.'—'Such *two* sons, said the generous lady.'—The Colonel then explained the nature of his appointment, which, he said, would not improbably lead to one of a very lucrative and honourable kind in India, at the mention of which the tear trickled from his lady's eyes. Reserving farther discussion of this subject for a future period, he turned the conversation on subjects of literature and science, and was astonished at the progress he found Charles had made since he had seen him last, and declared he would, the very next morning, go with his wife and son to thank Dr. Vampus, to whose talents and skill he imputed a good part of the improvement he with such delight found in his son. The Colonel being obliged soon to go out to an appointment with a great military officer, preparatory to one with a greater

civil one, told his mother she must spare Charles, for a little, to go to the agent's to request him to supply him with cash, for Dr. Vampus, that evening, when he requested his company to dinner. While he was out on this expedition, Charles met with Mrs. Goodwill, who told him she had just come to town to look for a furnished house for the winter, or even the first and second floor she said would content her, as her family was not large. A thought now striking Charles, he asked her whether she would have any objection to the company of an agreeable lady in that part of the house which she should not have occasion to occupy herself. "It is a lady that you know, and her friends and connections all perfectly; every one of these is completely satisfactory; but I have not authority to negociate, though I know something of the sort will be wanted, for some weeks, after the middle of the ensuing month. The lady is my own mother."

"What! Mrs. Douglas," said Mrs. Goodwill;

will; "she was, as I told you, my most intimate friend, and though we of late years have seldom met, when we did meet we found our mutual regard undiminished."

Hearing she was then in town, and lodged at an hotel, at no great distance, she declared she would call on her that very morning. When our hero returned he found her with his mother, who insisted on her dining with her, to which she consented, on condition Mrs. Douglas would permit her to bring a young lady along with her, who was waiting for Mrs. Goodwill at the house of an acquaintance. This young lady Charles undertook to conduct, not, we may believe, with the more reluctance, when he learned that Isabella was the visitant that his mother was to receive. Isabella was sitting in the drawing-room of Mrs. Goodwill's friend when a servant came in to inform her that there was a gentleman below who had brought a message from Mrs. Goodwill, and immediately after Douglas

made his appearance. Endeavouring to assume the appearance of an indifferent acquaintance he paid his compliments to her, and delivered her his mother's invitation, which she answered with as much ease as she could assume, as she was really a good deal agitated from the unexpected sight of Douglas, and the flutter was increased by the invitation, which would make her acquainted with his mother; and her imagination could not refrain from castle-building on the consequences that might result from that acquaintance.

Mrs. Douglas, when Isabella was introduced to her, was very much struck with her interesting and engaging appearance, and received her with a cordiality and kindness which, though it did not allay the agitation of the young lady, filled her with delight.—The Colonel soon after returning, was rejoiced to find that his lady was to have such agreeable companions in the absence of himself and son. He told them, soon after, he had met with his old friend,

Dr. Grecian,

Dr. Grecian, who had promised to dine with him; he also said to Charles, "I find you are a great favourite with the Doctor. Lighthorse is to be here too, and a literary acquaintance, who, he says, is a man of great genius, although, says he, he and I differ very much in our views."—"I could not be surprized," continued the Colonel, "that our friend Lighthorse, and a man of great genius, should differ in their views. I found, however, on explanation, that it was in their politics; by the bye, Lighthorse is in the right, though ten to one if he himself knows upon what grounds. Charles, we shan't dine this hour, are there any of your young friends in town to vary the party a little?"——"Why it is possible," said he, "my friend and old schoolfellow, Wilson, may be in town, this young lady's brother."——"What, the boy in whose defence you threshed the tallow-chandler's son?"—At this Isabella's face was covered with blushes.—"The same," said Charles.—"Then," replied his father, taking her by

the hand, "your father and I, Miss Wilson, were companions at college in our youth, as our sons have been since. I am extremely happy to see a daughter of John Wilson's in my house, and shall also be so to see your brother. So, Charles, if you think you can find him, let you and I go and fetch him." They accordingly went in quest of him to a bookseller's, where he was often to be met with when in town, and luckily found him, and, to the farther pleasure of our hero, his friend Sidney, both of whom accompanied him to the hotel.

By this time General Lighthorse was arrived, and his friend, in whom the Colonel immediately recognized the associate of his brother the Laird, Dr. Strongbrain. Not long after Dr. Grecian made his appearance. The conversation, after rolling as usual over the common topics of the day, became literary. Mrs. Lighthorse had read Burke's book on the Revolution, and was very eager to discuss its merits. The

other

other ladies, out of compliment to her, continued much longer in the dining-room than they might otherwise have done. Dr. Grecian, knowing the abilities and learning of Charles, and wishing them to appear in their just colours to the company, and especially to his father and mother, kept aloof from the question himself. Strongbrain entered on the subject, and, with great ingenuity, attacked the performance both in detail and principle; said Burke's book, with many wise observations, beautiful and grand passages, was a tissue of erroneous statement, false reasoning, and intemperate abuse, as the object of his invectives was the greatest event in the annals of mankind; that philosophy was triumphant over mere prescription, usage, and prejudice. "It was time," said Strongbrain, (his eyes brightening as he spoke, from an idea that, if not just, was great,) "that men, leaving the mere coastings of usage and precedent, should steer by the polarity of reason. Burke, besides, is totally

inconsistent with himself, quite different from what he was from the commencement of his parliamentary life during the American war, and long both before and after. He was a whig, now he is a high churchman and a tory, or, more properly speaking, he never either was, nor now is, a determined whig or tory; he is a mere Irish adventurer, of very great genius, that adopts such principles as, for the time, he thinks will best answer his purpose. His defence of the church, nobles, and royal family of France, arises merely from a desire to obtain the favour of the higher ranks and the court, in this country, in order to procure some more lucrative situation than he has hitherto acquired." Wilson entered on the merits of the French revolution rather as producing freedom in general, and with considerable knowledge of ancient and modern history, described the effects of liberty on the human character, enlarged particularly on the literature which naturally resulted from it, and trusted, he said,

... that,

that, in consequence of her emancipation from civil and ecclesiastical slavery, France would be a wise, virtuous, and happy nation. Sidney took the same side, in general, but manifested certain diversities of sentiment from either of the other two. He seemed to go much more upon abstract theory than Wilson, or even Strongbrain. Though a man of genius and learning, Sidney's talents had not received that regulation and guidance which led to sound philosophy. He had read a good deal, but though he readily comprehended the scope and meaning of an author, he was not habituated to accurate investigation and strict reasoning. His imagination was brilliant, his feelings were ardent, and his invention was fertile. He easily adopted an hypothesis, and his genius was most frequently employed in giving the system that, for the time, interested his affections or warmed his fancy, consistency and the appearance of truth. Whatever theory he supported, he supported with great plausi-

bility, and such specious arguments as would often persuade superficial hearers that what he said was true. His religious creed he had formed partly from Voltaire, partly from Gibbon, but still more from Hume. His notions of government he had taken up from Mrs. Macaulay, Drs. Price and Priestley; was in theory a leveller, although in practice he was far from being untinctured with aristocratic pride. Sidney gave a very lively, and, frequently, humorous, detail of the intrigues of the court history of the old government of France; and with much severity, and not a little truth, exposed the influence of the most despicable persons on both the internal and external politics of the kingdom; attacked the character and conduct of the noblesse as frivolous and contemptible in the eyes of real discernment and talents; their attainments as superficial: he said, that they were trifling, dissipated and useless, and so despicable; but that they were to their inferiors haughty, oppressive, and cruel,

cruel, and so execrable. The clergy he painted with no less severity; made many humorous remarks on lazy monks, fat friars, confessionals, &c. From the French clergy proceeded to clergy in general, not without glancing at religion itself. He repeated the most ludicrous parts of Hume's accounts of Laud, and many other churchmen on the one hand; of George Fox, James Nailor, Praise-God-Barebones, and other fanatics on the other: then quoted an observation of Gibbon about religions, which were all equally believed by the vulgar to be true, by the philosophers to be false, and politicians to be useful. He concluded, that as the French revolution was founded in reason, in opposition to religious prejudices, and on the natural equality of man, in opposition to usurpation and tyranny, he hoped it would be a model for other countries, and, in time, become universal; that then liberty, equality, peace, and happiness, would be spread through the whole world.

Dr. Grecian having paid several compliments to the ability and ingenuity of the two young gentlemen, without giving any opinion on the conclusiveness of their reasoning, requested Douglas to give his sentiments on the subject.

Our hero, after a modest apology to Dr. Strongbrain for presuming to enter into a discussion, in which, he said, he must necessarily attempt to controvert some of his observations and arguments, began with what had been observed by him respecting Mr. Burke's motives for his present publication, and the consistency of his political sentiments, doctrines, and reasonings, at different periods of his life, contended that there was no evidence of his being actuated by sinister motives, consequently, no conclusion prejudicial to his disinterestedness and integrity could be deduced from the present publication; but that this was a question irrelative to the merit of his work. As to the consistency of Mr. Burke, he had not a sufficiently extensive know-

ledge

ledge of all his productions and acts to be able to enter into the detail with sufficient minuteness fully to establish his consistency, but that the principles of those of his writings and speeches, which he had read, appeared to him to be, in many respects, the same as he had now advanced. In his "Thoughts on the Discontents,"[2] caused by the return of Colonel Luttrel for Middlesex, he had manifested nearly the same political principles as in his book on the Revolution; that Mrs. Macaulay, and the visionary republicans of *that* time, had inveighed against him on that account; that he had frequently in his speeches, when most vehemently in opposition to government, and also in his letter to the Sheriff of Bristol, had reprobated the visionary politics and Rights of Man, doctrines of Price, Priestley, and other speculators in politics; but that even his consistency, or inconsistency, did not affect the merits of that book, it was to be considered in itself, as containing true or

false

false premises; fair or unfair arguments; just or unjust conclusions. He then entered into an analysis of the work as a series of antecedents and consequents, and endeavoured to prove that the principles, arguments, and inferences of Burke were, on the whole, justified by historical facts and the constitution of the human mind. There was not, he said, an instance, in the annals of mankind, of a nation acting on such principles, or any principles nearly similar, and continuing long flourishing and happy. The conformation of the human mind was such as to preclude the possibility of such a plan being carried into execution without producing confusion and misery. With regard to the coastings of prudence, and the polarity of reason, he allowed it to be an ingenious analogy. Arguments, however, from analogy, were very often delusive, at any rate they were not to be admitted when more direct evidence could be found; what was right or wrong, in politics, must be determined by

by a combination of general principles with the existing case, and not by any simile taken from subjects totally different. He agreed with his friend Wilson, that liberty was favourable to intellectual and moral exertion, but that it was a liberty under some controul, and admitting a gradation of ranks, not the licence of wild and levelling democracies. That even in governments, in a great degree democratical, the most momentous efforts arose from the temporary existence of a supreme power in single individuals. This he illustrated by the instances of Miltiades, Themistocles, Epaminondas, and some others. That according to the doctrine of the Rights of Man, equally to all situations, without any respect to diversity of talents and qualities, every common soldier and sailor, at the battles of Manathim, Salamis, and Lucretia, should have been admitted to command as well as those three leaders; the consequence of which would have been, that Athens and Thebes would have been

crushed.

crushed. The freedom, he said, to which his friend Wilson imputed such effects was quite different from that proposed by the French revolution, that, therefore, his arguments, though just when applied to a well regulated liberty, were inadmissible when he attempted to ascribe to that event similar consequences. His friend Mr. Sidney, he observed, took a different ground from Mr. Wilson. That he perfectly coincided with the latter as to his general principles, though not as to his application of them to the French revolution. Sidney supported principles totally inconsistent with the existence, at least the well-being, of any government. He, for the sake of argument, he well knew, not from conviction, proscribed all principles leading either to religious establishments or civil subordination. As Charles, with great knowledge and force of reason, supported and maintained his allegations, the countenances of his father and mother were filled with delight, and Isabella hardly refrained from tears of plea-

sure

sure and admiration of what she conceived his extraordinary powers. Dr. Grecian made a few very able observations, testifying his concurrence with the reasoning and principles of Douglas, at the same time pointing out both defects and excellencies in the "Reflections" that Douglas had passed unnoticed.

The young gentlemen withdrawing to join the ladies, somewhat sooner than the others, the Colonel being congratulated by them all on the high promises of his son, answered that he had, from a boy, discovered considerable ability, and had received great justice from his masters both at school and at the two colleges, and had been much assisted by his grandfather, and still more by his friend Mr. Wiseman; but that he had certainly made very considerable additions to his acquirements since his residence with Dr. Vampus; "Not," says the Colonel, "that I should apprehend from his letters the Doctor is himself a man of that profound erudition that he

was

was represented to me, but he must have been very assiduous in keeping Charles to his studies in general, although, perhaps, he may have left the particulars very much to himself."

"Then," says Dr. Grecian, smiling, "he left them in much better hands."

"What!" said Lighthorse, "I always conceived Vampus to be a man of good talents and learning, though somewhat of a pedant. I remember a conversation he and I had on what I call *reason grammar*, in which his sentiments perfectly coincided with mine."

"That they would," said Strongbrain, smiling at Lighthorse's proof of Vampus's talents, "whatever sentiments you might be pleased to adopt, if our friend the Colonel were to meet him the next hour and profess quite contrary sentiments, and an hour after Dr. Grecian to advance a third set of doctrines, he would coincide with you all."

General Lighthorse said he understood that

that Dr. Vampus was rather democratical.

Grecian replied, that he believed many private academicians entertained the same sentiments, a circumstance of little consequence were we to consider the *weight* to which the *authority* of such persons was entitled from their talents and learning, but of great importance from the actual authority of schoolmasters among their scholars.

CHAP. VI.

General Douglas is appointed to a high Command in India—Visits Dr. Vampus—Humility of that worthy Preceptor—Observations on *bowing*—The General and Charles visit Scotland—A Highland rural fête.

In a few days the General had his appointment for India fixed, and he was told that he must hold himself in readiness to sail in the month of March. Occupied as he was with business in London, he resolved, notwithstanding the severity of the season, to visit his brother and father-in-law; the one whom, from his broken constitution, the other from old age, he never expected to see again. He first, however, with his lady, went to Dr. Vampus's to discharge Charles's account, and return him thanks for the care of his son. Dr. Vampus, who had a high opinion of the influence of the Colonel before, from his appointment conceived

ceived a much higher, and made no doubt, that through him a very advantageous Indian connection might be opened for his school. On seeing a post-chaise drive up to his gate, and from Charles being in it, concluding it was the party he expected, he ran out without his hat, in hopes to anticipate the post-boy, but, stopping too long in making his humble bows, Mrs. Douglas was out of the carriage before he could assist her. As he had bowed during her descent he made again three bows after she had descended: bows not less humble than the master of a school near Stepney Row, or Bethnal Green, would have made to the strutting lady of a Whitechapel butcher, elated with displaying consequence and affording patronage, or he himself would have made to the equally polished, enlightened, and elegant lady of a Dutch planter fresh from Demarara;—a bow which, with such hundreds of similar sentiments, manners, and ideas, would have stamped him as a man of the most refined politeness, and

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penetrating discernment, of real consequence, and, therefore, as the most proper of all men for instructing youth; a bow that had often secured to him esteem, confidence, and admiration, because he had much oftener occasion to converse with those who had not, than those who had, sense, knowledge, manners, and liberal sentiments. On the General and Mrs. Douglas, however, the bows were lost. In the course of their conversation, the General very easily found out what he had suspected from his bowing, that Dr. Vampus was far from being a deep man, although he did not conceive him to be altogether so shallow as he really was. As, however, Charles had improved very much while at his house, he paid him handsomely, and expressed himself highly satisfied with the proficiency of his son, although, from the discourse of the Doctor, he could not impute much of that improvement to the preceptor. Charles having left the room to give directions about his moveables, Vampus bestowed very high praises on the genius,

genius, application, and learning of Charles: on his integrity, honour, and benevolence, all which the General did not doubt to be just, and afterwards on the strict purity of his morals, on which the father made no remarks, though he, from the complexion of the youth, and his recollection of himself, supposed them to be exaggerated. This, however, was a subject, which, as a father of sense and liberality, he did not think it became him minutely to investigate. In the course of their ride to town, the Colonel said to his son, "Charles, he seems to be a good, well-disposed sort of a man, this Dr. Vampus; but I cannot ascribe much of your progress, which I have observed with so much delight, to his instructions."

Charles modestly answered, that he had himself found his preceptor inferior in point of ability, to both his public and private teachers in Scotland, and that as Dr. Vampus himself did not lay down any regular plan of reading for him, he had pursued, in a considerable degree, the system recommended

mended to him in the North, and availed himself of occasional discourse with Dr. Grecian and some other men of letters, both as to proper subjects of study and books for perusal; that he had soon found Vampus to have little ability and information; that he had, once or twice, thought of applying to be removed; but as Vampus was civil to him, and he could acquire the English pronunciation and accent as well under a weak man as an able man, and could pursue his own studies, if without any advantage from the knowledge of his master, at least without any hurt from his ignorance, he had refrained writing to his father on the subject.

The Colonel said, "All is very well as it is now, but if I had known sooner, you should have been placed with a gentleman from Edinburgh, whom Dr. Grecian knew intimately, and assures me to be a man of talents, erudition, and general knowledge."

On hearing his name, Charles joined in his commendation, and said, he had been frequently in company with him, when with

with his friend Wilson, who lived at his house.

The Colonel replied, that even if he had no conversation with Vampus, the cringing servility of his address would have impressed him with an unfavourable idea of his merit.

" Cringing," replied Charles, " has answered very well with him, and is, indeed, together with pomposity and puffing, the cause of the flourishing state of his school."

" His employers must, generally, be very weak, to be so impressed. I am surprized Advance, who is a man of sense, could form so erroneous a judgement as to recommend Vampus as an able man."

" Mr. Advance," Charles said, " knows little of Vampus himself, and took his character from hearsay. From what I have seen and learned of the profession, more than one half of its members are inferior to my unworthy preceptor, Dr. Vampus."

Charles and Dudley were often together, and mutual esteem arose from their more thorough acquaintance. Charles, who had informed his friends, Wilson and Sidney, of the discovery that had taken place, made his friends acquainted with his new brother, and they soon were much pleased with this addition to their juvenile parties. Dudley, though with less extensive information than either of the other three, a less profound thinker than his brother, yet was endued with vigorous talents, and a very delicate taste. His taste had, indeed, more of artificial improvement than his understanding, the exercise of which had been chiefly directed, after his first classical attainments, to the studies connected with military knowledge, but having met with several treatises on rhetoric and criticism, and amused himself with reading English poetry and Bellés Lettres, he had attended more to descriptive and sentimental beauty and sublimity than the investigation of truth. His conversation, though he was really

really able, was rarely either comprehensive or profound, but most generally interesting and sentimental; so that, on the whole, he did not exactly resemble the intellectual habits of either of the other young gentlemen. One evening that they spent together Sidney had, with his usual brilliancy of genius and his usual range of expatiation, descanted on the evils of aristocratic distinction, when Douglas, having occasion to send a message to his father, ordered a porter to be called. Sidney was asserting the perfect equality between the lowest labourer and the highest nobleman, and that no deference was due from the latter to the former merely on account of his station; that the only real superiority, he said, consisted in wisdom or virtue, that neither the one nor the other, though possessed, would lead to the exacting of homage. Why must a poor peasant or mechanic bow or truckle, or give way to a Lord or a Duke? The porter now entered, but having, in endeavouring to exclude the rigour

of the season, swallowed too much of liquid fire, forgot to take off his hat—" D—n you, Sir," says Sidney, " come with your hat on where gentlemen are!" A laugh from his companions immediately recalled to his mind the consistency of his theory and practice. The porter, who was an Irishman, begged his honour's pardon, and said, that as he found himself shivering with the cold, and reeled with the wind as if he had been drunk, he had taken a glass or two of usquebaugh to keep himself sober and steady, and that had made him forget his hat was on his head. When the apology was accepted and the porter departed with his message, Douglas made some humorous but good-natured remarks on Sidney's extravagant speculations, and the unwillingness of his own sense and feelings to admit them as practical principles. He quoted from Horace,

" *Cum ventum ad verum est sensus moresque repugnant,*
" *Atque ipsa utilitas justi prope mater et æqui.*"

Our

Our hero and his father now set out for Scotland, and arrived in Edinburgh without meeting with any adventure worthy of record. They found Miss Douglas a beautiful, elegant and accomplished young lady.

After Charles had paid his grateful respects to his instructors, visited his friends, and the Colonel settled some little business in the capital, they proceeded, taking Louisa with them, to the Highlands. They went first to Mr. Longhead's to learn how affairs were situated at Tay Bank. Although they found Mr. Longhead considerably fallen off in strength from the time they had parted with him, they had the pleasure to perceive that he retained his faculties in unimpaired vigour. The second son of the house of Tay Bank they understood was dead, but that a third child was likely soon to make its appearance. The Laird had neither expressed much concern for the loss of the boy, nor joy at the probable supply. He would, however, always shift the subject if Wiseman and he broached

it, and, though evidently not without suspicions, appeared resolved to keep them to himself. It was concerted that the General should the next day go down to Tay Bank early in the morning, and Mr. Longhead and his grandson go to Mr. Wiseman's, where Charles should wait to see whether his uncle would venture to receive him. Accordingly the next day General Douglas hied himself to the house of his ancestors.

The Laird was at his door giving directions for removing the snow from the path that led to the high road, when he saw a gentleman making his way through it, whom he immediately recognized to be his brother. Forgetful of his infirm state of health, forgetful that he was in his slippers, he waded through the snow, and was soon in his brother's arms. "My dearest brother," he said, "as my father said on his death-bed, I shall now die contented since I have seen you."

The General, who was much affected by the

the return of wonted kindness in his brother, strained him to his arms with great warmth, and they stood, for several minutes in that situation, before General Douglas recollected how dangerous it was for his brother, and hurried him to the house. Mrs. Douglas had seen her husband walking through the snow before she observed whom he was going to meet, and had taken no notice of it; but, as soon as she saw that it was the General, she ran out in a great bustle, begging him, for God's sake, not to catch his death in the snow, and immediately pretending to perceive, for the first time, that the gentleman with him was his brother, with great volubility expressed her joy at seeing him, and, when the gentlemen had got into the parlour, rang the bell, immediately afterwards ran out herself to give orders, so loudly as to be heard by them, she directed all the usual precautions to guard against the consequences of the snow, breakfast to be got ready for the General; chocolate, coffee, tea and

every thing that was in the house. After this bustle, and secretly dispatching an express to her father to come immediately, with proper directions how to conduct himself when he did come, she joined the gentlemen, enquired with every appearance of most affectionate concern for her dear Mrs. Douglas, to whom, she said, she had repeatedly written, though she had not been favoured with an answer; professed her extreme happiness at the appointment which the General had got, and her extreme sorrow that it would compel him to go to such a distance from his native country. "She sympathized," she said, "most feelingly, with her dear sister, Mrs. General Douglas, who was to be separated so long from the husband of her love. I can," said she, "from my own feelings, easily conceive what her's are. Alas! a few months ago I was afraid of a separation (then she looked most tenderly on her husband) for ever as to this world. But I should have not long out-lived him; we should

should soon have met in a better place. But, my dear Mr. Douglas, you alarmed me extremely, just now, by walking in the snow, although I could not be surprized that the view of such a friend and brother made you forget your danger. I hope," she continued, "I trust, I pray to my God, that your coming will put an end to all misunderstanding between friends so near and so dear to one another, as I know and feel you and yours are to us, and confident we are to you. I trust we shall all henceforth understand one another, when every thing is completely explained."

To all these kind protestations the General made no answer; but to her last remark replied, that he made no doubt, that, when every thing was perfectly explained, they should thoroughly understand one another.

She, without appearing to notice the equivoque the words contained, proceeded to express the ardent wishes of her dear and worthy father, that a perfect recon-

ciliation should take place. "Her father," she said, "had the highest admiration of the General, and regard for all his family, although he grieved at a dreadful misapprehension, (here she thought fit to fall a crying,) for misapprehension, (sobbed she,) I am now convinced it was on every side, although it was cruel to form a judgement without fully enquiring into the truth. Heavenly God! to be suspected—" she screamed out as if in an agony of grief, "of so infamous and scandalous a crime—" (here she thought proper to fall into a fit) and, after recovering, being conducted out of the room, left the gentlemen to themselves.

General Douglas found, from his brother, that although he was much displeased with his wife's conduct, when on his supposed death-bed, he was still impressed with an idea of her innocence respecting what Charles had alledged, and even had the art, at length, to vindicate to him her own innocence, and, at the same

same time, acquit Charles of any intended falsehood. She had persuaded him that it was all owing to the artifice of a servant who had counterfeited her voice, and that what she had apprehended to be an intended impropriety, and, indeed, a very heinous offence on the part of Charles to her, she was now convinced arose from a mistake of persons, and that while she was conscious that she was innocent herself, it was with great pleasure that she had discovered the cause of Charles's misapprehension so injurious to her; and that she herself had been guilty of a mistake, and, in consequence of it, had made a representation equally injurious to him.

The Laird said that he was convinced she had taken great pains to investigate the whole affair; that he was the more readily to believe her, as she has so completely acquitted his dear Charles of any blame; that he must do her the justice to say, that of late, from the time she discovered her error, she had been daily urging him

to assist her in using every means to reconcile the General and family to her and her relations; that she had often endeavoured to prevail on the General's friends, Longhead and Wiseman, to renew their intimacy in the family of Tay Bank, both on their own accounts and in hopes of experiencing their good offices to effect the desired reconciliation.

The General, though not induced, in the smallest degree, by what his brother had been influenced to believe, to change his opinion respecting Mrs. Douglas, or any of the Rhodomontades, yet forbore any discussion on that point.

The Laird proceeded to tell him, in a very low whisper, that the settlement, which had been fraudulently obtained from him, and privately cancelled by him in presence of Mr. Wiseman, had been taken away from his bureau, but he could not say whether they had discovered its invalidation or not. His wife, he said, he was now convinced, was to blame in many

many particulars, but still, he hoped, it was more owing to the influence of that old scoundrel, her father, than her own dispositions, for that she was particularly kind and attentive to him since his recovery.

" I cannot help," said he, " my dear brother, still having more regard for her than I am afraid she deserves in every respect, therefore I beg you will not say any thing very severe or harsh to her for my sake.

" I have taken care that she shall have no share in the management of the estate after I am dead during the minority of the child of which she is now pregnant." Here he sighed, and said, in a faultering voice, " I do not look with pleasure to this addition to the family, but as I have no proofs I must act as if I had no suspicion. I might," he blubbered out, " be injuring my own child thinking that it was not. I have appointed Mess. Longhead and Wiseman guardians and trustees, along with you and my dear nephew, and my brother in India, should

should he ever return, and not a change can take place in the estate, not a single tree be cut down but by the order of these trustees, or some person appointed by them. But, perhaps, Mr. Longhead or Mr. Wiseman would mention this to you, as I communicated to them only, with the charge of keeping it secret, which, of course, I did not mean to extend to you."

"They," said the General, "have neither of them said or written any thing to me on the subject; indeed, I have not seen Wiseman yet. They both, probably, thought it better for yourself to communicate what you had to say to me."

"But I hoped," said the Laird, "from what they said, you had brought Charles to Scotland with you."

"Why, I have; his grandfather, sister, and he, are probably at Wiseman's by this time."

"At Wiseman's!" says the Laird, "my dear nephew and niece—why are they not here? I will go for them this instant."

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The General said, that he had rather go himself, and explain matters to Charles, so that he might, without reluctance, be induced to enter Tay Bank house, as his uncle's injurious opinion was now so totally removed."

" I will go and tell him so myself," said the uncle, " I insist upon it."

The General then said, he should accompany him, but aunt Nell, who was entirely the dupe of Mrs. Douglas, having, through her, been rendered perfectly well affected to her brother Charles, a sentiment that was encreased by hearing that he had now got the highest post in the army, had sent down word to him that she was getting up and would be with him in a few minutes.

" Ah do," says James, " stay and coax poor old Nell, you will find her no wiser than she was twenty years ago, and then you know she had not much sense to spare. However, now I never dispute with her as I know her weakness, but let her have

have her own way, and I dare say, you won't enter into any arguments with her neither."

"That you may be assured of," said the General.

Soon after James left the room, and returning, ushered in his sister. The General, from James's account, expected to see an infirm woman tottering upon a staff, but instead of that beheld Eleanora quite hearty, greatly increased in rotundity, with a rosy face, as broad and large as a north-west moon, with a nose as red as the gills of a turkey-cock, and a large double chin.

"My dear General Douglas," said she, embracing him, "I am extremely delighted to see you. What would our dear father have given to see this blessed day that you are now at the head of your profession? You and I were his two favourite children, he used to say we were extremely alike, both in person and mind; you was, indeed, a very comely youth, and a very handsome man, and by far the cleverest of your

your father's sons, though, perhaps, it would have been as well for you, in some things, to have been guided by people of equal sense, and more experience; however, what is past cannot be recalled."

"That is a very just observation, sister, and, indeed, undeniably true."

"Ah! you are not the only one, my dear brother, my dear General Douglas, to whom I have given advice that has not been attended to. Often have I advised our worthy father and brother of Tay Bank, to manage the estate in a different manner, but they would have their own way. There are the tenants not paying half rent enough, and getting rich with money that ought to belong to the Laird. They gave tacks, and James gives them to this day, and so these wretches, the commonality, get saucy and independent. Ah! if it had pleased heaven that my father had died without male issue, which I should have been very sorry for, on account of the brothers that I should have lost,

lost, I should have taught all the tenants and riff-raff the behaviour due to a person of distinction. But our brother James is obstinate, and follows his own judgement instead of mine."

As the General did not interrupt the sage reflections, she concluded he acquiesced in them, and proceeded, "Mr. Wiseman, too, cannot pretend that it is for want of good advice, of the wisest and best advice, administered out of my own mouth, that he does many things out of character."

"Does he?" says the General.

"That he does: this lenity, as some call it, but what I call his neglect of duty, encourages the deadly sin of fornication in this parish. He does not use the regular cutty stool, but rebukes sinners without making them stand in a conspicuous part, that we of the congregation may see them. He even dispenses with rebukes if the parties marry afterwards, which is, in fact, encouraging the crime, for what woman would refuse

refuse to commit fornication if she was sure to get married by it? Answer me that, brother."

"It is impossible for me," said he, "to make a general answer for the sex."

"Even your father-in-law, Mr. Longhead himself, though not very mild when they get once before him, is not so active in his enquiries as he ought to be. His elders, I must say for them, are much more indefatigable."

"Yes," said the General, "I remember some instances of their zealous investigations, of one in particular, who, for a week preceding the lint-seed fair, spent the whole of his mornings in searching into a slip of that kind, while his evenings were employed in making new peck measures of smaller dimensions, in order to dispose advantageously of a great quantity of flax-seeds."

"Aye, brother, brother, I have often advised you not to talk lightly of so horrid crimes. Drunkenness too," she continued,

"is

" is a vice, that I am sorry to say, prevails in this parish, and even in this village. Many a word have I spoken against it, but I am disregarded. It is, indeed, a most beastly sin, and, for the time, deprives men of their reason. In this country, brother, I am grieved to say, that too many, even of our *sect*, are *predicted* to it; thank God, if I had all the faults in the world, I am free from that."

Not long after this, a servant entering, asked the General if he would have some Athol brose, (a Highland beverage, composed of whisky and honey,) the General who had been accustomed to it from his youth, making no objection, aunt Nell made a large bason of it, taking a sip at different times to be sure that it was palatable before she presented it to the General; she brought it, and after drinking a large bumper, fortunately recollected that the mixture of honey often affected her stomach, she took, by way of antidote, a glass full, which she called a *wee drap*, *plain*; and

and as she returned the bottle to the cupboard, lest she had taken too little before to operate as an antidote, she took a sip out of the bottle, and then resumed her discourse on sobriety.

The Laird, meanwhile, had hobbled as far as the parsonage-house, and meeting his nephew, with the greatest eagerness asked his pardon for the unjust opinion he had formed of him, saying, that he was now convinced he was what he had long thought him to be, that he would be a great honour to the family of Tay Bank. Charles, who had before learned the change that had taken place in the sentiments of his uncle, received his salutations with great pleasure.

"Well," continued the Laird, "I hope you have not forgot the Erse language and Highland amusements; I hope you were a match for all your comrades at manly exercises as well as your books. But, come, you must all come along with me. As you walk along you must try your hand at the putting-

putting-stone. After some conversation the proposal was agreed to, and walking through the village, they observed a party of sinewy Highlanders engaged at that athletic exercise, the snow being cleared away for the purpose, and the General a spectator, whilst the old men appealed to "his honour," if the present set was not much inferior to their days.

"Aye," says an active, hale man, dressed in a suit of tartan, about sixty years old, "my son there pitches as well as any of this generation, but he cannot come within a foot of what I could in my best days. There was not a man of my size in the shire of Perth could come up to me, nor, indeed, many of any size, unless it was our own Laird, and the Laird of Fincastle, and your honour."

"Ah," says an old serjeant that was by, "his honour would throw as far as any man in the *black watch*; even the Laird himself, though as stout, a weel biggit man as

as you would see, could never throw within half an ell of your honour."

This happened to be old new-year's day, a day devoted to amusement in the Highlands, and, consequently, to such competitions in strength, agility, and dexterity, as the weather would permit. The champions of one village, district, or hamlet, would visit those of another, to maintain, or extend their own glory and that of the place which they represented. Sometimes at foot-ball, sometimes at shinty,* and such other amusements as depended on aggregate strength and activity, but more frequently at leaping, wrestling, throwing the large hammer, putting the stone, and other exercises which depend on individual strength and activity; but of all these, next to wrestling, putting the stone was the exertion on which the champions, their friends and neighbours, chiefly prided themselves.

* Shinty resembles foot-ball, as to the constituent of victory, but is different as to the instrument of play, clubs being used instead of feet.

selves. Ambitious of excelling their countrymen, the several champions, though disappointed, did not feel mortified, but considered themselves as disgraced if conquered by a Lowlander.

A huge raw-boned travelling pedlar, who happened to have arrived in the village a little before, having come up, and seeing their performance, asked them, in a voice of confidence, to give him the stone, and, without much difficulty, overcame them all, and shewed much insolent exultation on the occasion.

The victory of a Lowlander filled the Highlanders with dismay, and his triumph with indignation.

The old hero of the green reminded the General how, thirty years before, he had extricated his countrymen from such a disgrace as the present.

"Ah!" says the General, "my friend Robertson, I was then twenty-four and am now fifty-four; but here comes your old friend Charles," said he, addressing himself

to

to the hero's son, he must now take my place at feats of prowess."

The Highlanders, with great delight, poured round Douglas with heart-felt joy, welcoming him home.

Old Robertson, turning about, offered to bet a dozen of whisky that his young honour would over-match the Lowland *chield*.—The bett was accepted, and to work they set.

Charles's first throw was a few inches behind his opponent, the second was about as much before him. The pedlar strained hard, and at last equalled Douglas; on this our hero, who had now a little heated himself, exerted his full force, and surpassed his antagonist two feet. The antagonist tried and tried again, but found he could not outdo his former effort. The victory of their young countryman excited the loud and reiterated applauses of the villagers, and, indeed, their Highland visitors, who all considered Douglas as the *representative of their prowess*.

"Here's a fine young gentleman," said old Robertson, as he drank a large bumper of whiskey to the health of the visitor. "He does not disdain to *get fame to his native country.*"

The large hammer was next proposed. Charles's superiority here was no less decisive.

The pedlar, conceiving Charles's victories to arise from agility, and not from strength, offered to wrestle with him for a dozen of whiskey.

Douglas had, in London, learned the Yorkshire mode of wrestling, and wishing completely to humble the insolent plebeian, said, that as there was a numerous company, he wished them all to be entertained, that, therefore, he would enter the list only on condition that the bett was ten guineas, to be laid out in a feast to the village.

The fellow, who was a successful trader and purse-proud, agreed; the money was staked. The best of three was to have the

the victory: a tough contest ensued; Charles gained the first fall; in the second, his adversary, by a sudden trip, was superior. Elated with his victory he now proposed to double stakes; the proposition was agreed to. Charles, knowing the manœuvre by which his antagonist had been superior in the last round, allowed him to attempt it again, and, while shooting his foot too far, in order to trip our hero again, Charles gave him a cross buttock, for which he was totally unprepared, and so decided the business. The fellow began then to talk of boxing; Douglas, who was an adept in that art, told him, coolly, that his own skill, in that art, was such as must give him a superiority over any man of equal strength, and that, therefore, he was determined never to employ it unless it were necessary for self-defence. The man, imputing what he considered as a refusal of a challenge to conscientiousness of inferiority in that exercise, became the more eager for a trial, and had even the impudence

to take hold of Charles for the purpose. The pride of Douglas, inflamed by such an insult from a plebeian, said to him, "Fellow, I see nothing but a severe horse-whipping will prevent you from exposing yourself to a still more severe drubbing; if you persist I shall begin with the one and end with the other."——"Come on then," said the other, "and aimed a blow at him."——The spectators, filled with indignation, would have prevented an engagement, and even the General had called to Charles to desist, but, perceiving the blow, knew that his son must return it, and made no doubt with certain effect. Douglas caught his adversary's blow. At boxing the other was not near his match, and, hardly receiving a single blow himself, he so completely mauled the fellow that he gave in much hurt and bruised.

The Laird, delighted with our hero's prowess, and pitying the fellow, would not suffer any of his money to be taken, but ordered an entertainment for the rejoicing and

and exulting Highlanders to be provided at his own expence.

Numbers of both sexes assembled on the occasion. The men generally dressed in tartan, and the women in different articles of rural fashion. Their heads were variously arrayed according to their condition, and also their conduct. THE MATRONS AND WIDOWS, in conformity to established custom, wore a species of kerchief somewhat resembling the late fashionable turbans. MAIDS, real or supposed, were without caps, but had their hair tied behind with a piece of tape; those who were known, at least, by the usual effects ascertained, to be NEITHER WIDOWS, WIVES, NOR MAIDS, wore a round-eared cap, to notify * their his-

* In many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, this mode of marking female frailty, by peculiar dress, generally prevails. Were this practice prevalent in London, and if the inventor could procure a patent for a cap to be used by all of that description, what an immense fortune he would rapidly acquire, especially if frail wives and widows were included in the regulation.

tory and proceedings. Of the round-eared caps, the number was not very great, and the fathers of several délinquents comforted themselves with the reflection that the misfortune of their daughters arose from gentlemen.*

The villagers enjoyed a gala—the glory of their young countryman. His praises, therefore, made the principal theme of discourse; even the old men agreeing that he was almost equal to his father, though inferior to his grandfather, and greatly in-

* Among the Highland peasants it is looked upon as almost an atonement for a breach of chastity if the accomplice is of superior rank. If he be a Laird, or proprietor of an estate, the friends and parents of the fair nymph are completely satisfied, both from pride and from interest, as generally the lady so preferred, through her influence, procures an advantageous farm to some future gallant, or even present one more favoured in secret, who afterwards marries a lady that has received from *his honour* so flattering a mark of distinction. Many readers, totally averse to democratical notions, may think that this is carrying aristocratical ideas to too great a length.

ferior

ferior to Charles, the ancestor of that gentleman.

Old Malcolm, who had often, in athletic exercises, extended the glory of the village, told a tale of the prowess of both proprietors and tenants of Tay Bank, in former times, sang Gillicrankie, and many much older ballads, describing the heroism and loyalty of the men of Athol and Strathspey, under their noble chieftains of Tullibardine and of Huntley, fighting for their King with the brave Montrose. Erse heroic songs succeeded, respecting the giants of the Gauls,* and many a fragment was produced worthy of the countrymen of the divine Ossian, and not undeserving of the revision of Sir John Macpherson and Mr. Mackenzie. The Laird and his guests visited their humble friends, and Miss Louisa Douglas condescended to favour them with the soft and pathetic tune of "O, send Loui Gordon hame," to the

* Fingal.

great delight of all present. Douglas gave them "The Garb of Old Gaul," with such manliness and force as quite transported the Highlanders. The old serjeant taking him by the hand, swore that, by G—d, no situation was fit for so fine a youth but the 42d regiment—"A regiment the fittest for heroes of our ain country. There is the eldest son of their Graces of Gordon, is Captain in it at this time, and as fine a noble spirited youth as ever belonged to the Highlands, and what more can you say of any man? I saw him at Edinburgh Castle, and when Captain Stewart spoke to me, Lord Huntley said, 'I dare say that's an old soldier,'—'Yes, said I, please your Lordship, I was a serjeant in our own regiment, the black watch,' and his Lordship asked me many questions about Ticonderago and Quebec; my heart warmed as he spoke of so famous actions; his Lordship gave me five guineas. The next day, though he was walking with his own mother, the Duchess, he shook hands with me, and said

said to her Grace, 'this has been an old soldier of our regiment—' and her Grace, (Oh, she's a bonny woman,) smiled and asked me, how long I had been in the service. She had twa unco' pretty lasses wi' her, as like hersel as they could glowr; and I said, 'Please your Grace, you ha' been young married to ha' sic a son and sic daughters;' and she said she had twa other daughters older, that are married, just as well fared are these are. There was another very likely lassie that Neil Gow shewed me about the same time, a daughter of the Duke of Argyle's."

General Douglas bore the just testimony to the merits and accomplishments of the personages mentioned, but told the serjeant that he did not intend to make a soldier of his son, as, "serjeant, you know it is rather a poor trade."

"Yes," says the old man, standing and raising himself erect, "but it is an honourable one."

The inspiring strains of Neil Gow, interrupted the conversation, the party set to dancing, and passed the evening in the utmost festivity.

CHAP. VII.

Anecdotes of Sir Duncan Dismal, a Highland Baronet—General Douglas and his Son return to London—Departure for India—Anxiety of the Family—Charles becomes a Student at the Temple—Trip to Margate, in a Hoy—Account of the Company—The young Lady deeply versed in the English History, which she had studied in Miss Lee's Recess—Learned and profound Conversation to which her Disquisitions gave rise—Display of Fashionable Manners—Quarrel of two Ladies about Gentility, with its unhappy Effects—Account of Dilbury Diddle, Esq. and polite Spouse—Adventures at Margate.

THE General having paid farewell visits to his friends among the neighbouring gentlemen, prepared to return to London. His sister Eleanora strongly recommended to him to pay his compliments, before he went, to a great man, whom she mentioned, and to introduce his son to his Lordship's acquaintance. The General did

not receive her exhortations with the warmth she expected. He had no earthly motive to pay homage, and as the nobleman had not visited him, he justly considered that such a mark of attention on his part, to one on whom he was totally independent, would be a very useless humiliation. As a friend to the constitution of his country he regarded the peerage in general as one of the bulwarks of our laws and government, but individual peers he respected according to individual qualifications. He had too firm and strong a mind to regard the notice of any person, merely because that person happened to be a Lord or a Duke, although some belonging to those ranks he prized highly for their talents and virtues. These were the sentiments which he cherished himself, these, by precept and example, he inculcated on his son.

A person of less note than the great man, who lived at no great distance, and perhaps lives still, was displeased that General

General Douglas and his son left the country without paying their court to his Knight-hood. This was a Baronet named Sir Duncan Dismal, of that Ilk. Sir Duncan had, some years before, succeeded to an estate and title by the death of a cousin, in whose time Castle Dismal, the mansion-house, had been distinguished for hospitality and kindness. Sir David, however, had at one time treated Duncan, the heir of entail, with a degree of coldness and haughtiness which he did not employ to others, even of his dependents. Duncan, who was by no means a man of great genius, had, in his youth, tried his hand at professions in which no great degree of that quality is necessary. Not having succeeded he returned to Castle Dismal, not much to the satisfaction of Sir David, who had been involved in considerable expence by Duncan's injudicious speculations. There, though heir apparent, he was looked on by the heads of the family, and, of course, by the other members, as a kind

kind of hanger-on, or led Captain, and treated with the usual respect bestowed on such appendages of families. Experiencing many marks of humiliation in the Castle, he betook himself as much as he could to neighbouring houses, where he was received with the hospitality and kindness for which that country is so eminently distinguished, and which is extended to none with more chearful benevolence than to those who are ranked under the denomination of distressed gentlemen. Duncan, at length, tiring of being the retainer of a great house, though, at a future period probably to become his own, determined to try his fortune in India. There he, though neither able nor enterprizing, by diligence, parsimony, and the addition of some lucky hits, had realized a good fortune, when the death of Sir David called him over to his native country. Now no longer Dunkie Dismal, the circulating guest of every gentleman in the country, but Sir Duncan Dismal, of that Ilk, he assumed the demeanour

meanour which he conceived to become the Knight-Baronet of Castle Dismal. Considering his own former state, he thought that the usual pomp and consequence of a Highland *dunowasel* would be insufficient, and, doubtless, with reason, for he had not only to maintain dignity for the future, but to indemnify himself for past humiliation and contempt, and, indeed, by this mode of computation a great deal of new pomp was necessary to balance accounts. To post up effectually this credit of conscience against the great debit of slight and neglect, he thought that the wisest way would be to assume the air and style of a much greater man than Sir David had done; as, indeed, in Sir David's history, there had never been that *deficiency* now to be made up by an *extraordinary surplus*. He accordingly determined to keep aloof from all his former acquaintance and entertainers, or at least, if he received them, to consider them as humble clients come to bow before a patron; to admire his great-

ness,

ness, to feel the warmest gratitude for the honour of being admitted to his house. His neighbours had generally too much of the spirit and sentiments of independent gentlemen to do homage to a man totally insignificant in himself and to them, and receiving little entertainment from *conversation*, if it could be so called, about *myself and my neighbours*. The EARL and the DUKE desisted from resorting to his mansion. As young Douglas was a relation of Sir Duncan, the General had given him a letter of introduction to him while at London, on his return from India. Douglas had left the letter and his address, but finding no notice was taken of it, had never thought of repeating his call. A person belonging to Sir Duncan called at Tay Bank, and gave intimation that a visit from the General and his son would be acceptable, and, indeed, was looked for. To this, the General, of course, paid no regard, a circumstance which extremely surprized Miss Nell, who said, "Good God,

God, General Douglas, can you refuse an invitation from a Baronet?"

"There is no invitation to refuse," said the General.

Without, therefore, including Sir Duncan Dismal, of that Ilk, in the circle of his visits, the General took leave of his friends, and set out for London with his son and daughter, and found his lady in anxious expectation of the arrival of her beloved husband, of whose company she was soon to be so long deprived.

Matters were now preparing for General Douglas's departure for India. Mrs. Douglas was so fond of Mrs. Goodwill, and had become so attached to Miss Wilson, that it was agreed that her daughter and she should take up their abode at that lady's house. Charles was entered of the Temple. Mr. Nevil promised to assist with his advice and directions both the ladies and the young gentleman. The pecuniary affairs were arranged with as much liberality as the General's situation could afford,

ford, and remittances promised from India. So long an absence, and so great a distance, were, no doubt, extremely unpleasing to both the General and his lady, but the advantage of their children prevailed over every other consideration. The family accompanied the father to Portsmouth. When orders arrived for sailing, the General, after a very pathetic leave of his daughter, son, and wife, took both daughter and wife by the hand, and joining their's to Charles's, said, "this is the trust I leave you."—"I know and feel it," answered she. No more words passed.

The party, having returned melancholy to London, for some days indulged themselves in grief, as if they were never to see their beloved relative more. Mr. Nevil daily visited them, and his conversation was admirably adapted for consolation. He did not lecture them on the folly of grief, but endeavoured to dispel it. He talked of distant objects; mentioned various projects that the General and he had concerted.

concerted when the General should return, and to that return principally directed the attention of his auditors. He ridiculed the probable operations of Tippoo Saib now standing alone against the united force of the Mahrattas, the Nizam, and the East India company. "It is a totally different state of affairs now from what it was last war under the government of Hastings, when all the national powers from the river Indus to Cape Cormorin, combined with the French against our possessions in India. All I fear now is that the war will be over before the General arrives in the Carnatic; but should it not he will meet with no dangers nearly equal to those which he has so often encountered and overcome in America." Mrs. Douglas, in the conversation of this sensible and humane man, and of her friend Mrs. Goodwill, together with the soothing attentions of her daughter and son, by degrees recovered some chearfulness. Sidney was now also entered of the Temple, and very frequently made one of

of the parties at Mrs. Douglas's. Although of different political sentiments, he was extremely fond of Charles's discourse, and, indeed, often pushed his own sentiments to the most extravagant length to have the pleasure of contending with his friend. He had read Paine's Rights of Man, and supported all the most extravagant positions of that inflammatory demagogue. Charles, with great force, combatted such pernicious opinions, and with great ease overthrew such absurd doctrines. Wilson, though favourable to the French revolution, was shocked at the wild theories of its great supporter, at the same time could not consider them as so dangerous as Douglas represented, because they were rather declarations of metaphysical opinions than practical inculcations. "Most of the literary talents," said he, "seem to be employed on the same side. I should suppose that so very respectable a publication as the Monthly Review would not express approbation of Paine's Rights of Man, unless

less it considered it as a good exposure of existing abuses, however extravagant its principles or plans of remedy. Indeed the Monthly, though it praises the strength of Paine's detections, ridicules his attempts at philosophy as superficial and absurd."

"That," said Douglas, "is the clearest which is calculated to do the most mischief. His abstractions are simply nonsense; assertion in general principles without any induction to confirm their truth, or to shew their beneficial effect. His position, that no constitution can be good which did not arise from convention, is mistaking the criterion of good and salutary government. Government is good or bad according to its tendency to secure the happiness of the governed. Its actual state, not its history, must determine this question. Although, as Paine says, it be actually true, that England was conquered by William of Normandy, that circumstance is totally irrelative to its goodness or badness now. It is of no more consequence to one, wishing

ing to appreciate the excellence or defects of any particular system, how it came to be formed, than to one wishing to appreciate the genius of Shakspeare, to know in what precise year he was born. The constitution of England, and the writings of Shakspeare, manifest themselves, good or bad, without having recourse to the history of Stratford or of Normandy."—"But," said Sidney, "admitting, as you say, not a question of genealogy but of tendency and effect, I think Paine rests his system on the noblest of all foundations, not precedent—not prescription—not inheritance—but the Rights of Man. Every man has a right to govern himself, either by himself or his agents, and every government not formed on this model is an usurpation."—"Every man," said Douglas, "has a right to govern himself, but his right to govern any one else must depend upon convention; such conventions, or communities resulting from them, are the creatures of expediency. It is right that those

those should govern, whether individuals or classes, whose government is most likely to have the greatest quantity of combined wisdom and virtue. I object to Paine's plans, because he does not apportion political power to talents and integrity. I should be for a geometrical proportion in which power should be in the ratio of qualification, not an arithmetical, in which it was to be merely numerical. I should prefer being commanded in a dangerous battle by Themistocles or Cimon to being one of a multitude all equally entitled to command. I think on the twelfth of April, 1782, it was more expedient that Rodney should command than that the boatswains or common sailors should have an equal share of authority. Paine proposes a system that would be equally hurtful to the low uneducated classes, which he would promote, as to the high and informed classes, which he would degrade."—"But," said Sidney, "the very inequalities of individual character, to which

you

you would attach an inequality of power, arises from the present political establishments of mankind. Turgot and Condorcet, those most illustrious of philosophers, predict, from the improvement of political establishments, such a melioration of the condition of man, intellectual and moral, as would greatly enhance human happiness, and facilitate the admission of almost all persons to offices of government."—Douglas said that it was impossible to draw any inference from data not in existence; that when wisdom and virtue should become generally prevalent, no doubt a government of much less restraint would be requisite than while vice and folly continued so very common; but until that change took place all influence on the subject was premature and fanciful.

Besides the *Rights of Man*, there was another still stronger motive that led Sidney, as often as possible, to Mrs. Douglas's, that was the charms of woman.

Louisa Douglas was now nineteen years of

of age, had a very interesting countenance and figure, with very impressive manners. Sidney was not so much dazzled with her at first sight as gradually attracted and irresistibly engaged by repeated visits.

Sidney, who was about four years older, was a graceful elegant youth, with more delicate features, and a more slender figure, than Douglas's. He was active and expert at all manly exercises, particularly those that required chiefly agility and address. He was a graceful dancer and a very skilful fencer, and, though not a match for our hero at the broad sword or wrestling, knew the small sword fully as well. His manners were very insinuating, sometimes even seductive. With a brilliant understanding and pleasing dispositions, neither his intellectual operations nor his moral principles were so firm and steady as those of Charles. His imagination was often dazzled by shewy appearance, and his affections often directed by present impulse, without an accurate induction of principle

or consideration of consequences. He was always the votary of some new hypothesis, which he could support with great plausibility and brilliancy, and not unfrequently in some embarrassing situation, from indiscretion. The grace and elegance of his appearance, with most insinuating manners and very rapid versatility of discourse, rendered him a great favourite with the fair sex, nor had he always been so much under the guidance of sound principles as to refrain from taking undue advantages of his influence. Miss Douglas was not insensible of his accomplishments and beauty, as, except her brother and Dudley, he was the finest man she ever beheld, and, indeed, in the opinion of many, had a handsomer face, with as fine a person as either.

Douglas was not blind to Sidney's admiration of his sister, an admiration which, although he liked Sidney very much, he by no means wished to ripen into a serious passion, and, therefore, contrived to meet with

with Sidney less frequently at his mother's apartments than before.

They had now heard repeatedly from the General, who had written from Madeira and St. Helena, and from his letters he was evidently in good spirits.

Dudley had joined his regiment at Canterbury, and frequently pressed Douglas and his friends to spend a week or two at Margate, and the adjoining watering places. Accordingly, there being no business, either of the family or his own, that required his attendance in London, Charles and Sidney set out. For the sake of variety of scene they resolved to go by the *hoy*.

It was in the middle of August when the two young men, having before sent their baggage to the vessel, took boat at Hungerford Stairs for London Bridge. They were rowed by a very facetious person, yclep'd Jerry Cable, who entertained them with many shrewd remarks on the different water parties which they met, and displayed the force and the vivacity of his

own wit on the occasion. Having landed, they proceeded down through Thames Street to Billingsgate, when the marine stores, with the superadded flavour of the dog-days, afforded them a most agreeable regale. After dining at the Gun tavern, in a coffee-room in which the fumes of tobacco appeared to be set off against the fumes of fish, and laying in a sufficient quantity of provisions, they entered the hoy.

Having reconnoitered their fellow-passengers, who were numerous, they perceived that, whatever might be the diversities of individual character, there was one very general appearance, that was, importance and airs of dignity. For the first hour or two the great object seemed to be to pass for what they were not. Vulgarity, meanness, and ignorance, anxiously desired to be received as politeness, rank, and knowledge. The ladies, in particular, began with stateliness and reserve, or if they did deviate a little from reserve, it was only to put on a different feature of greatness and condescension.

condescension. To most of them a hoy was new; it was for the sake of the airyness of the water that they preferred it to a *post-shay*.—" Besides, I am afeard," says one lady, " to ride in a shay, for Shooter's Hill is one of the most dangerousest roads, as my spouse says to me." —A gentleman in a cocked hat, round face, and white wig, very ingeniously remarked, as they passed Greenwich Hospital, that it was a very nice place, while another, a man of learning, informed the company that Queen Elizabeth lived there, proceeded to the history of Elizabeth, and informed the hearers that she used to eat beefstakes for her breakfast, and was a very famous woman.—A young lady, with a delicate, soft, simpering countenance, told them that her governess at Mile End had told her that Elizabeth was a very bad woman; that she had been the death of Queen Mary, who was an uncommonly beautiful woman, and whose history is told in the Recess.—" Mary!" said the historical

gentleman, "she well deserved it, for she burnt the saints at Smithfield."—"I think you must be mistaken, Sir," said the young lady, "for there is not a word of that in the Recess."—Sidney had happened to have placed himself near the vindicator of Mary; she, with many apologies, asked pardon for going to be so bold, but, presuming he might be a scholar, begged him to inform her "whether Queen Mary had burned the saints at Smithfield."—Sidney answered that he should be very happy to oblige so fair a girl, but that he was hardly sufficiently acquainted with history to answer until he heard the gentleman's opinion more fully.—"I say," says the gentleman, "as how, Mary burnt saints at Smithfield, I'll lay a bett of it."—"Fairly and softly, my friend," says Sidney, "let us state the bett fairly."—"I'll lay," says the other, "a shilling's worth of crank that Mary burnt the saints at Smithfield."—"Of course," says Sidney, "you mean Mary Queen of Scots, as you know Elizabeth

was

was Queen of England."—"To be sure I do."—"But then to whom is the question to be referred?" said Sidney.—Luckily a school-boy happening to be present undertook to explain the whole affair and referred to Goldsmith's Abridgement, which he had fortunately in his pocket to study a holiday task, explained that there had been a Mary in each country, and that Mary Queen of Scots had burned no saints at Smithfield; therefore the crank was lost by the historical citizen.

Woolwich Warren offered to several gentlemen an opportunity of displaying both serious knowledge and facetiousness. A gentleman very gravely remarked, that it was very hard that men of property and substance could not go about lawful business or reversion without being exposed to such ruffians; and with much truth added, that rogues had no right to plunder honest men.—"I," said Sidney, "so entirely agree with you, that I think you may extend your observation a little farther. I

think rogues have no right to plunder either honest men or dishonest."——The gentleman concurred in this remark, not without a compliment to the good sense of the remarker. He then proceeded to facetiousness, and, endeavouring to look very archly to the ladies, said, he understood as how women were not allowed to visit in the hulks, and would have proceeded farther on this topic, but one of the ladies loudly exclaiming against his indelicacy, said, he was very unpolite to talk of them things before ladies.—The company now producing their several provisions, they proceeded to supper. After their meal, a young lady, the companion of the one who had learnt the history of England from the Recess, probably wishing to shew her literary improvements to be equal to those of her friend, entered into a discussion of the titles of books (novels) which she had last had from a circulating library; for instance, the Delicate Distress; the Exquisite Embarrassment; the

the Inconsiderate Inconstant; Sir Harry Clarendon; Derwent Priory; Hubert de Sevrac; and some others, that she had read all within a month, for, she said, she was very fond of sentimental reading.

"You, my dear Grizzelina, are now fond of sentimental reading, though you did not care for it two or three years ago."

"I was then too young for them things."

Sidney had already begun to put his talents for making love into exercise on this young lady, and not without making an impression, as, indeed, she was a very impressible subject. He entered into a discourse with her on various subjects connected with love. While they were thus amusing themselves, a dispute arose in another part of the cabin which had a very violent conclusion. A very broad-faced *lady*, of a middle age, dressed in a yellow silk gown, bound with purple ribband, a flounced gauze apron, a green Barcelona handkerchief, a straw bonnet with pink ribbands, had sat rather silent at a different

corner of the table from those we have mentioned, and seemed not pleased that more attention was not paid to her. Next to her there were a couple of Jew pedlars on their way to the Downs to advance money to the sailors on their pay, the greater part of which money they had received back in quadruple price for slop and toys. One of these persons proposed to this lady a game at whist, having in his pocket cards which he had carefully marked for the purpose. Another lady, an acquaintance of the Jews, and well known to the Indiamen and the navy as a *bumboat woman*, made the fourth. It was privately concerted that the strange lady should be taken in by the other three, but, fortunately, she detected the bumboat lady shifting a card to her partner in dealing, who had only the *principles*, but not the address, of politeness, and a card which proved to be the ace of that suit of which the dealer herself turned up the king. "I thoft," says she, "as how cabin passengers were people of honour, but

but I find there is a cheat in the company."

"Do you mean me, Madam," answered the antagonist.

"I do, Madam; and let me tell you, Madam, you behave very misbecoming a lady, Madam; and I should have expected different breeding, Madam."

"By G—d, Madam, I have more breeding in my little finger than you have in your whole body, Madam."

"Your breeding, Ma'am; you have no more breeding, Ma'am, than my ——" clapping her hand on that part of the person which served 'Squire Western for illustrations.

"D——n you and your —— together, I'll have none of your impurence, you low, vulgar, saucy slut; I'd have you to know my husband is one of the topping men of Whitechapel, and overseer of the parish. No one kills more beef than he in the whole parish. I'm none of your vulgar

riffraff people as you be, you ill-bred —— you."—

At this Mrs. Bumboat aimed a blow at Mrs. Butcher, of which the weight did less hurt than the sharpness of the nails. Mrs. Butcher returned it with great force, and her adversary had fallen under her ponderous fist. On this one of the Jews, with manly and heroic courage, struck the lady a blow, intended to be under the fifth rib, but which she dexterously drove down to a less dangerous part of her person. Victory was, for some time, doubtful between the pedlar and the lady, when the other lady having recovered her breath and spirits, by a liberal application of a cordial which she always carried about with her, seized the fighting lady's straw bonnet, with the bonnet off came the wig, so that there remained her own round black crop. The pedlar and his friend between them must have finally triumphed over the lady by their joint prowess, had not a grave decent

cent man, with a remarkably sedate countenance, stepped up and insisted on the combatants separating. The solemnity of his voice and manner, together with the force of his arms, at last effected the desired separation, and he prevailed upon the parties to shake hands, and finally to conciliate matters over a bowl of punch. Meanwhile he entertained the company with an account of himself, on which agreeable subject he dwelt at great length, and with the most minute particularity on his affairs, his serious engagements, and amusing recreations. On the latter of these subjects he informed the company that he very often betook himself on Friday evenings to an alehouse at the top of Air Street, where there was a speaking club, and that there he had often *singularized* himself. "You may know the place," says he, turning to his next neighbour, "you may, every Friday, see the question within, under where there is 'Fine Purle' on the window-board. Our hour is eight, because then the journeymen all get away from their business.

business. We have several very respectable men that speak there. There is old Shears, the taylor, Fit'em, foreman to the great shoeshop, your humble servant, and several others. I shall give you a specimen of the last speech I made, if agreeable to the company, taking silence for consent. 'Mr. Chairman; Sir, the question for this here night's debate is Paine's book about the *Right of Man*, a book deserving the encouragement of philosophers in general, and of this club-room in particular. I'm clearly of opinion that it is, and I have considered the subject more than most of you; because now it is none of your old nonsense about kings, and bishops, and parsons, that he lays down.'—A groan here interrupted him, which he saw came from a man with a white wig, band, flat-brimmed hat, and a suit of black clothes.—He still, however, went on. 'Sir, I say that people would live much better without taxes than with; Payne says, that if we will follow his advice we should have no taxes.

It

It stands to reason, therefore, we should do as he bids us; and as to tithes, will any one tell me that they do not lessen the profits of a farm? therefore tithes ought to be abolished."

"I think, Sidney," said Douglas, "this reasoner is worthy of the cause he supports."

The gentleman in black now rose up, as he said, to defend the church. "Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I am a member of the church of England; though I am not in orders I am the next thing to it. I am clerk to the parish of ————, in the city of London, and it behoveth me, as belonging to the priesthood, to defend our church and clergy. I say that person's is the doctrine of a reprobate, quite unfit for christian ears."

"Why, Douglas," said Sidney, "your defender of church and state seems, in point of talents, to be pretty nearly on a match with my defender of Paine."

"However," said Douglas, "I can see, in

in trifling defences of church and state, more mischief to both than from trifling attacks. Their existence and support being completely maintainable on the grounds of expediency and reason. I trust to these weapons, and, therefore, pray Heaven, that ignorant bigotry may not attempt to encumber, by intended aid, those civil and ecclesiastical establishments."

The next morning our hero walked upon the deck to view the chalky cliffs of the Kentish coast, when the pilot was pointing out the reculvers and the grand promontory of the North Foreland. Douglas viewing the ships between that head-land and the river, could not refrain from making some observations on the commerce and navy of England. A passenger coming up to him, said, "You are talking of the navy, Sir—I have rendered more service to the navy than any man in England."

Douglas smiling at this assertion, the important person proceeded, "I was the cause of

of Lord Rodney's victory the 12th of April, 1782."

"Pray how came that about, Sir?"

"Why, I was the first man that spied the French fleet, and told our boatswain."

Douglas remarked to Sidney the number of *great men* that they had met with in the hoy.

Coming into Margate Roads, the master of the hoy persuaded the passengers that it would be much safer for them to go ashore in boats, and thus without hurting their own interest, promoted that of his good friend, the waterman. Our young gentlemen went ashore in the same boat with the sentimental and historical young ladies, to both of whom our hero paid polite attention, and to one of them, Sidney, an attention most marked and insinuating.

Landing, the young ladies were met by their friends, when our gentlemen proceeded to a hotel; and it being near dinner time, were introduced by the landlord to a room, in which they found a numerous company waiting

waiting for that important repast. Mrs. Dewlap led the van, handed by Major Mac Laughlan, who, with one eye, winked upon the personage whom he conducted, while the other ogled her plump and rosy daughter that was close behind; the deputy himself attending less to the movements of the females under his charge, than to the disposition of a turbot, which, from previous enquiry, he knew to be one of the articles of their fare. Next marched Dilberry Diddle, Esq. conducting his own lady, while a parasol defended from the sun a complexion that could not easily suffer any annoyance. Next came Mr. Whalebone, stiff, upright, and prim, with a cocked hat, the whole of his figure and appearance reminding our hero of Suet, the player, acting the part of Furnish, in the First Floor; by his side walked Rigadoon, the French dancing-master, attending Miss Whalebone, who had been much smitten with his charms and accomplishments, when receiving his lessons at Bow boarding-

boarding-school. The company were, for some time, retarded by the question—whether Monsieur Rigadoon or Mr. Whalebone should take precedence in entering the parlour. A buck, in canonicals, led Miss Flash, a milliner, remarkable in town for the convenience of her apartments, which contained accommodations for undress, as well as materials for dress; and which were much resorted to by ladies of the first quality; their hostess making it a rule to admit none to her house without a previous knowledge of the reason of their visit. Mr. Dashaway next advanced; this was an attorney and *solicitor-general* in all causes belonging to ladies eminent for the pliability of their manners. He thought it his duty, at this season of the year, to make a tour round the watering places; knowing there could be no more likely situation to meet with actual and probable clients. Near him was a fair dapper man, with a countenance that, by animal vivacity, endeavoured to make up for the absence

absence of intelligence. This was Jemmy Tete, and with him his spouse, no less distinguished for arraying the persons of ladies, than Miss Flash for bedecking their heads, and helping to furnish those of their husbands. Jemmy would have been farther forward, had he not, on seeing two strangers, stopt behind to give them an account of his consequence and fortune, which was new to our young men, but would not have been so to the others; who, having been a day and a half in Jemmy's company, had been repeatedly favoured with the particulars. Last came Douglas and Sidney, and might have gone without any of the turbot, had not Miss Dewlap, observing they were very handsome men, requested the Major to pay them attention; he concluding from their appearance that they were young men of fortune, and might be useful companions at the gaming table, readily shewed them every mark of politeness to which his knowledge extended. The turbot was excellent, and the rest of the

the dinner proportionably good; and none of the company were defective in doing perfect justice to the entertainment. When the cloth was removed, and the company began to open over their wine, their conversation rolled over the Library, the Dandelion, and other places of frequent resort. Mrs. Dewlap observed, that she thought the Library a most delightful place, and that there were the choicest pastimes. "I loves the raffling so, you can't think. When Amelia, there, was only ten years old, she was so cute that she could reckon the throws of the dice to a T.—To be sure, knowing as how it was genteel, I took care that she should not want good teaching."

"Why," said Major Mac Laughlan, "dice is a very rational amusement, and I like it myself; it is the fairest of all diversions, for every one's chance is as good as anothers."

"What a good chance you have," said Miss, meaning to praise his good fortune, "you always wins."

"Far

"Far from it," said the Major, "I have, within this twelvemonth, lost 500l. as I am a man of honour; and was obliged to take up the money upon my estate in Ireland by a mortgage. To be sure so small a sum won't ruin an estate of 2,000l. a year close by Balynahinch; my Lord would have given me thirty years purchase for the whole of it, but I would not sell what came to me by inheritance."

"What," said the attorney "is the name of this Lord who offered so liberally?"

"His name is," replied the other, "the Earl of Rawbone."

"I did not think," said the attorney, "that nobleman had been altogether so flush of money. I suppose he has been dealing with old Moll Cogan."

The Major then resumed the discourse on the fairness and advantages of hazard, and proceeded to recommend adjourning for that purpose; but not finding himself immediately seconded, desisted for the present. Jemmy Tete remarked, that them

them sort of plays was dangerous to people of substance. "For my own part," says Jemmy, "I thank God, I have got a good fortune by my own merits and abilities, and does not choose to risk it rashly. To be sure it has pleased God to smile upon me, and during our last voyage I netted thirty thousand—" He was proceeding, but his wife treading on his toe, "*thirteen* thousand pounds have I cleared; what do you think of that, ladies and gentlemen!"

The attorney smiled; the Major meditated on the probability that this account was true; Deputy Dewlap sneered; Miss Flash partly doubted and partly envied. It was now proposed to walk towards the Library, and agreed to. In the middle of the street a person stopping Jemmy Tete, seized his hand with great cordiality. Jem who had gone on before the rest with Sidney, first winked; but finding this intimation was not understood, told him he did not recollect him.

"Not recollect me, Jemmy," said the other,

other, "Lord! that's a good joke to be sure; what! doesn't remember our club in Air Street, at the public house."

"I don't know what you are talking of, nor I don't know yourself; I beg you would keep your distance."

"Here," said the other, "comes a gentleman, really a gentleman, who knows me, and who I am, (addressing Douglas): I hope your honour is in perfect health, and that your boots sits easy."

"Oh, Mr. Last, are you come to Margate?"

"Yes, your honour; spouse and I is come down; and so I met neighbour Jemmy Tete, here, whom I have not seen since he came last from being Captain's steward; and as my brother, who is boatswain's mate in the same ship, wrote they two were hand and glove, I thought Jemmy and I would be greater friends than ever; but Jem. here, tips me the great gemman, and makes as if he did not know me."

"By G—d, your tag rag, where they dares,

dares, gives themselves more consekence than a real gemman."

Douglas begging Mr. Last to be pacified, went on. Jemmy Tete soon joining him said, that having been in high office and acquired a good fortune, thought his *dignity* required he should keep such fellows at a distance; and that he had, of late, got into a high style of acquaintances, was very intimate with Lord Howe, Sir John Jervis, Keith Elphinstone, and Adam Duncan, and other great men, and what would they think of him if they saw him intimate with a shoemaker? "Would they associate with me *as they do now?* Do you think that, Sir?"

"Perhaps they might."

"Would I be asked to be of all their parties—to go with them to balls, and operas, and dinners? Would they carry me in their coaches to Lord Spencer's, to dine with his Lordship, the Duke of Portland, Billy Pitt, Harry Dundas, Grenville, and the first men of the land? I dare say not, *as they now do.*"

" I don't doubt but they might."

" You are wrong, Sir," said Jemmy, " I could not be in so high company if I did not keep up my consekence."

They now came to the Library where the ladies were occupied by various cares; first to get the reading of the latest novels, secondly, to make sets for a raffle, and to teach their children, especially their daughters, to throw the dice; thirdly, to form parties for loo, or hazard, with the same parental goodness, and wisdom, instructing their progeny in so beneficial arts; and, fourthly, to prepare meetings at the Dandelion, that their precepts and examples might instruct their young charge in the art of love, as the Library did in the art of gaming; and, indeed, in love too, through the Monk, and other valuable novels, theoretically, as the Dandelion did practically.

At their return in the evening, Major Mac Laughlan proposed hazard again, but was over-ruled, and loo was substituted. The Major was dexterous enough at that game, but being watched, especially

cially by Rigadoon, he did not succeed so completely as at hazard, as he could not use his friends—the loaded dice.

In the morning our hero, walking towards the Foreland, was very agreeably surprized by meeting Mrs. Dupecull, whom he had not seen for several months. She had been in the country with my Lord seeing a new estate which he had lately purchased; and which the lady was not without the hopes of getting into her own possession. Having renewed their acquaintance, they separated, she about this time expecting my Lord, who had ridden to Canterbury that morning. Near the windmill he met his new acquaintance, Mr. Dilberry Diddle, who with much pomp and solemnity returned the salutation of our hero. Douglas having enquired after the health of Mrs. Diddle, her husband, pleased with this mark of attention to a subject which he conceived to be of the first importance, thought it became him to be very minute and circumstantial in the answer he made; he, therefore, entered into

a detail of Mrs. Diddle's constitution and frequent complaints. She was, he said, greatly incommoded by wind, and often under the necessity of using carminative medicines, which, with their several virtues, he very particularly described. Aniseed water, he said, had been very strongly recommended, but Mrs. Diddle herself preferred it when qualified by brandy, which she found peculiarly serviceable, when her complaint, which was often the case, disordered her stomach. He himself, he said, thought Madeira the best stomach cordial, but Mrs. Diddle, whose nerves were in a more relaxed state, required a stronger stimulus. "It is, indeed," continued Dilberry, "my duty to do every thing that can make her happy and comfortable. She is an excellent wife, and has few equals in sense, accomplishments, and graceful manners. She is, you will see, your own countrywoman, she has not forgotten her Scotch accent."

Being now in a field near the hotel, they perceived this elegant fair one coming towards

wards them. Mrs. Diddle was a very thin, hard featured woman, marked with the small-pox, high cheek bones, and stooped very much. "Observe," whispered Diddle, "what a fine profile, what elegant attitudes, what a dignified bend! Pray mind the bend."

"I do," replied Douglas.

The lady now accosted them, or rather attempted to accost them.

"What," said Mr. Diddle, "deary, have you been taking your brandy and bitters?"

"No, dawtie, I have not taken my bitters, I have only been taking my brandy, which the apothecary said would do, without the bitters; and I like the taste of it the best of the two."

Having afterwards retired to take a forenoon nap, as was often her practice after medicine, she returned much refreshed, and took an opportunity of informing our hero of the many excellencies of Mr. Diddle; particularly his exemplary deportment as a Lieutenant of militia;

and repeated a speech she herself had made to the soldiers, to inspire them with equal valour as their commander Dilberry Diddle, Esq. The fond couple took a great fancy to Douglas, whose politeness in not contradicting them on topics of no consequence to him whether they were right or wrong, they construed into an admiring acquiescence in their opinions.

The Major, meanwhile, was fast gaining ground on the gentlemen's purses, and the ladies hearts. In the former, he had a powerful rival in the *Frenchman*, who was, *of course*, well skilled in all the *finesses* of play, both in theory and practice. With the ladies he would have found himself easily conquered by either Sidney or Douglas, had the attractions of the Mistresses and Misses been sufficiently powerful to engage their pursuit. That not being the case, Major Mac Laughlan triumphed over the affections of the lady and daughter of Mr. Deputy Dewlap; and Mr. Rigadoon over those of Miss Whalebone, while Dashaway and Miss Flash united in those bonds

bonds of kindness to which the idleness of watering places is so peculiarly favourable.

As the society at the hotel was far from being inviting, and Margate was at this time very full, our young men went to lodge at Broadstairs, where Dudley soon after joined them. Sidney industriously sought to find out his shipmate, who was at this place, but as he knew Douglas's principles to be such as to hold seduction in abhorrence, concealed from him his intention of cultivating her acquaintance. He one day met with her at the Dandelion, danced with her, and, accompanying her home, found that, though with an elderly acquaintance, she had, in a considerable degree, the direction of herself. Sidney's dancing, elegant appearance and attentions, soon captivated the young lady, who believed him quite sincere in his protestations of affectionate love. Charles, who, as we have seen, was no Joseph, frequently met with his old acquaintance, Mrs. Dupecull. My Lord Sneak had brought her down with him to Margate, as thinking that, on a narrow theatre,

theatre, his mistress and he might acquire much more notoriety than in the capital. Earnestly anxious that his son, the shambling, half-begotten boy, that we mentioned, should be a worthy representative of the Sneaks, as he must be if he was like his father, and to impress him by example, more powerful than precept, with sentiments and principles of morality, he brought him in *the same party*. To assist in his moral as well as intellectual tuition, he had procured the private efforts of George Dunderhead, who, in point of heart and head, was most completely qualified for breeding up a young booby to be the exact picture of the old. George, indeed, was not constantly about the house, as he was occasionally engaged by the worthy Irish grammarian that made an unfortunate mistake about Constantinople. George was useful, in a variety of ways, to the house of Sneak, particularly by privately inspecting the conversations and deportments of the other servants, faithfully reporting them to my Lord Sneak, and assisting my Lord himself

self in vigilantly watching the pantry, an office for which no one could be better qualified than this head of the Sneaks. Mrs. Dupecull, without much difficulty, managed to have several interviews with Douglas.

Douglas frequently walked towards Kingsgate and the Foreland. One day, being near the Lighthouse, he was accosted by a gentleman whom he immediately recognized, and whom he had before heard to be at Margate. Douglas was extremely rejoiced to have an opportunity of hearing such a man discourse. The gentleman, turning the conversation on the grand prospect before them, was a good deal pleased with the observations of the young gentleman, who marked the different objects, pointed out the various species of excellence of beauty, of grandeur, in the scenes around them, and making a very respectful bow, said, "that there was here an illustration of most ingenious and profound observations on the sublime and beautiful."

The gentleman smiled, and Douglas, casting

casting his eyes to the south, said, "I am afraid, beyond those distant cliffs and hills, there is a striking illustration of the wisest and most profound observations on a still more momentous subject."

The gentleman entered upon a literary conversation, and was extremely pleased with the modesty of the youth's manners, force of his reasoning, and extent of his views. He frequently met with this gentleman in the course of his walks. One day he said to him, "you seem to be well acquainted, young gentleman, with the subject that has engaged my attention for this two years; have you seen the last answer?"

"Yes, Sir, I have read it with great care, and though I allow to it the merit of genius, erudition, acuteness, and eloquence, I cannot admit the principles. I think he has erred, from being a little tinged with the *œconomique* philosophy, and speculating on what he fancies man may be, rather than drawing inferences from what man is. He supposes a degree of perfectibility in the

the human character for the existence of which he has no data in actual fact. His, therefore, is an ingenious creation of fancy, not a deduction of consequent from antecedent."

"I have long been of opinion," replied the gentleman, "that metapyhsiçal politics derived from Locke, Sidney, Harrington, and transmitted through Price, Priestley, and Macaulay, would produce enormous mischiefs to society. There is a tendency evident in these principles as ripened by the French philosophers and French revolution to overthrow established government in all countries within the reach of their influence. I predict that nothing short of a general combination, not so much against physical as moral France, will preserve the old institutions for the preservation of religion, virtue, property and independence of Europe."

One day Douglas happened to go to church and heard a sermon, in which the clergyman attempted to discuss a political topic, probably thinking that he might thereby

thereby secure the admiration of Douglas's acquaintance. The sermon was tolerably good, consisting of common-place observations against rash changes, but the gentleman to whom it was particularly addressed seemed to hear it with great languor, and even impatience.

While Douglas was employing himself with literary and political disquisition, or amusing himself in parties publicly with Mr. Dudley, or privately with Mrs. Dupecull, his friend Sidney was almost constantly with his *hoy* acquaintance, and had even prevailed on her to accompany him in short excursions. In one of these he artfully managed affairs so that they could not return to Margate the same evening. He had before entirely engaged her affections. In the last jaunt she had not resolution to withstand importunities fatal to her peace.

END OF VOL. II.